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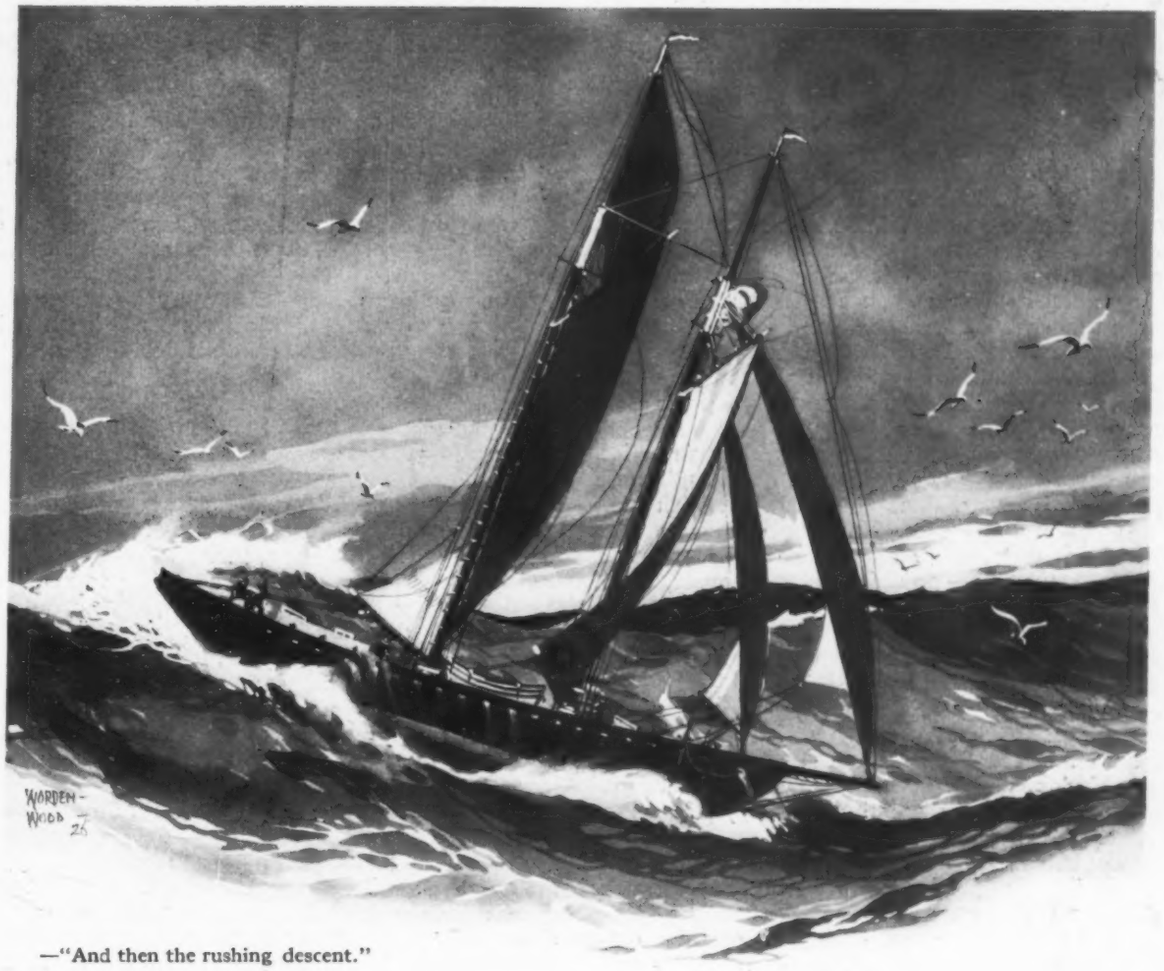


—"And then the rushing descent."

Let It Blow Off

By REX BRASHER

A DISSENTING group of scientists recently has broken into print with assertions that there is nothing in heredity. I have a suspicion they take this stand more from pleasure found in argument than from belief in their statements.

There hung in our old Brooklyn home half a dozen portraits of beruffled gentlemen, stern, firm-featured, altogether austere. When about eight years old I was asked my opinion of these distinguished ancestors. My reply was honest but not tactful: "Look like pirates!"

Loud exclamations of horror, followed by a dissertation on heredity, family tree, and the enormity of my offense, during which I learned inadvertently that one of them was author of the dictum: "Windows in the north wall of New York City Hall would be a useless and unnecessary expense because the city never would extend beyond that point."

That city father lacked vision, but from my juvenile standpoint his features expressed in no uncertain degree a determination which would order captives to walk the plank and witness their descent into the deep with a raucous laugh.

"By my faith, that corpulent one splashed beautifully! Perhaps yon slim one would make less disturbance — let us see!"

These old boys may not have been "pirates," but some of them *have* followed the sea and what, except heredity, compelled me to join the crew of the *Eva and Annie*, gathered one keen March morning in her smoke-filled cabin where she lay alongside Custom House Wharf? Although adventure loomed large, the real motive was an inherited ornithological instinct and a desire to study and watch ocean birds.

"All the crew here?" asked the skipper, poking his head down the companionway.

"All but Flannagan."

"That cormorant? Probably feedin' yet. Looks like you'll be without a dorymate, Rex. 'Rex' — where did you ever get a name like that? Sounds like some kind of a breakfast food!"

"Don't blame me, Bill; they cleated it on me when I

wasn't lookin' and before I could fight back. However, if you don't like it, step up on deck and —"

"Yes, you will! I'm one man short now and after I got through with you I'd be two behind. That would mean a dory left on deck and I don't like dories on deck. When we get back, maybe, but not now. Where *is* that sculpin? Get the mainsail on her while I scout up street a ways and dig him out."

Something dropped on deck — an old leather half-bag, half-satchel, followed by Flannagan's lanky figure.

"What yer waitin' for, Bill?"

"Waitin' for? You — you — long-legged haddock! Your dorymate just wanted to pick a scrap with me and I've a good mind to take you on instead!"

"G'wan, you know you couldn't lick me! If we mixed, this bucket would have to go without a skipper!"

Bill pulled out his pipe, lit it, and by that token we knew the argument was ended. All hands turned to, getting the schooner clear of the dock. Bow, stern and breast lines were hauled aboard. Gathering sternway with a starboard wheel, her head swung off as she cleared the pier; staysail and jib slid up, filled with puffs from over the housetops, and we were off.

Bill Andrews was not only a fisherman, but an artist, and every one of that crew a sailor; no commands were necessary, each knew what to do and did it with man o'warsman celerity and ease. No stumbling over each other's feet, no uncertainty as to who would belay a halliard, no confusion — precision of movement which would make an efficiency expert stand by agape.

The mainsheet was kept aboard until the jibe around Bug Light, then let run to the knot. The nor'wester freshened. Ten minutes and Portland Head Light was abeam, still gleaming. Half an hour after leaving the dock we were sifting past the Twin Lights of Cape Elizabeth before a hardening breeze with a wan sun low down on the port bow. Nor'ard and west'ard the old familiar cumuli clouds were piling up, separated by wind fingers into long jagged patches as they streamed overhead.

"Plenty of it comin'! Good chance! Guy the foresail off to starboard!" Puffs from Bill's pipe drifted forward with the regularity of a motor exhaust. All was well.

Flock after flock of scooters swung by, some so close the oddly shaped red-and-white bills of the males were easily distinguishable. Occasionally a flock of old-squaws whirled along, driving on high and headed into the wind.

"Those fellers are huntin' a lee. Probably get a real breeze out of this before sunset!" There was an edge to it now, for some of the icy White Mountain air was carried on its breath.

The thin twin columns on the Cape dwindled to tiny upright points, then disappeared. Gradually the tip of the main boom described a widening arc against the pale gray-blue eastern sky, swung higher, dipped lower, then caressed the tops of the larger seas.

"Take up on your toppin' lift!" It was done, the mainsail no longer wet its skirts.

In the old clipper ship days when a sailor grasped the wheel spokes he became as nearly omnipotent as he ever would in this life. To strike him then was a mortal offense; to speak to him, scarcely less so. When these splendid ships disappeared such discipline went with them. To sit on the wheelbox and talk while Bill guided the schooner did not now endanger life: it was good to be there, watching the seas; wolves, angry, white-toothed and sibilant, advancing became lambs, fleecy and gossipy as they swept on ahead.

"Take her a spell while I mug up." Winged out as she was, steering was easy though the *Eva and Annie* carried more weather helm than she should.

"Put worm gear on her since I was aboard last, haven't you, Bill?"

"Yes. Easier, but you don't feel her like you used to."

With quadrant gear the helmsman can sense the coming of a variation from the course and meet it. A worm-geared wheel lessens effort, especially with wind on the quarter, but accurate steering, particularly by compass, is more difficult. By eight bells, when I turned over my trick, I had caught on somewhat, but it takes considerable practice to acquire the knack.

With every mile dropped astern the seas lengthened. By six bells we were driving over great hills and valleys of mobile green, a good eleven knots.

"Clew up the topsail! One of you go aloft and stop it down!"

Three who were on deck started. Being nearest I had a jump on the others and was in the weather shrouds first. Jim attempted to follow.

"Back on deck, Cushman! Only one man aloft!" I caught Jim's eye: it was anxious. I reached the hounds before looking down. The men were all on deck and at their stations. By doing most of the work while she was on the leeward drop, that piece of sheetiron was kicked into some sort of a bunt, the stops passed and fastened. In ascending that short length of ratlines I developed a claw on each finger — an example of the most rapid evolution on record! No one save a descendant of pirates could have held on! Evolution and heredity, both cases proved. Any antis in the audience?

Once, in reaching for the end of a stop, the *Eva and Annie* recovered unexpectedly and I saw the figures on deck rush for the mainsheet, all set to flatten her down and come about had I lost my grip. If that reversed pendulum *had* released me, a soft landing, though a wet one, was certain. I would have been flung clear of the deck.

"What's the open air meetin' for, Bill?"

"O, the boys thought they'd come up for a little look 'round; right smoky below."

"Would the boys hold a meetin' for anyone else in the crew?"

"Well," said Bill, looking at me speculatively with his kind blue eyes, "I've noticed a couple of them always takes a walk toward the jib sheets and some of them sort o' saunters aft when anyone they like is aloft in a seaway. You got your back fins up because you think they was afraid you couldn't make it?"

"They had started to rise!"

"Well, snap 'em shut again."

I did.

Just before sunset the wind increased as a nor'wester usually does before dying down with the day, and at its height we were logging a good thirteen knots — real traveling for a ninety-footer. In the hollows between seas the roar of her forefoot rang loud. Gradually, as the bowsprit rose, the clamor was displaced by a tumult of wind notes through the rigging when the schooner was poised on the crest. The toboggan drop — the slow climb — the pause, and then again the rushing descent. Where else does the sense of speed thrill so deeply? Here on this tiny world of wood and canvas, action, movement, life! Beyond, across the vast, pale, cadmium west slanted a single gull. Lonesome.

About midnight we hove to on the Bank and more good luck trailed in on the breath of a southerly air.

"Better get all the sleep you can, boys. It looks like a real busy spell ahead with this nor'wester petering out and the weather warming up."

I awoke suddenly to find the bunks empty and a circular spot of sunlight moving lazily up and down the opposite side. A fisherman's toilet is simple — merely a matter of hauling on a pair of boots. Made the companionway stairs in two jumps. Bill was seated on the wheel-

box calmly puffing that eternal pipe while jogging the vessel off and on.

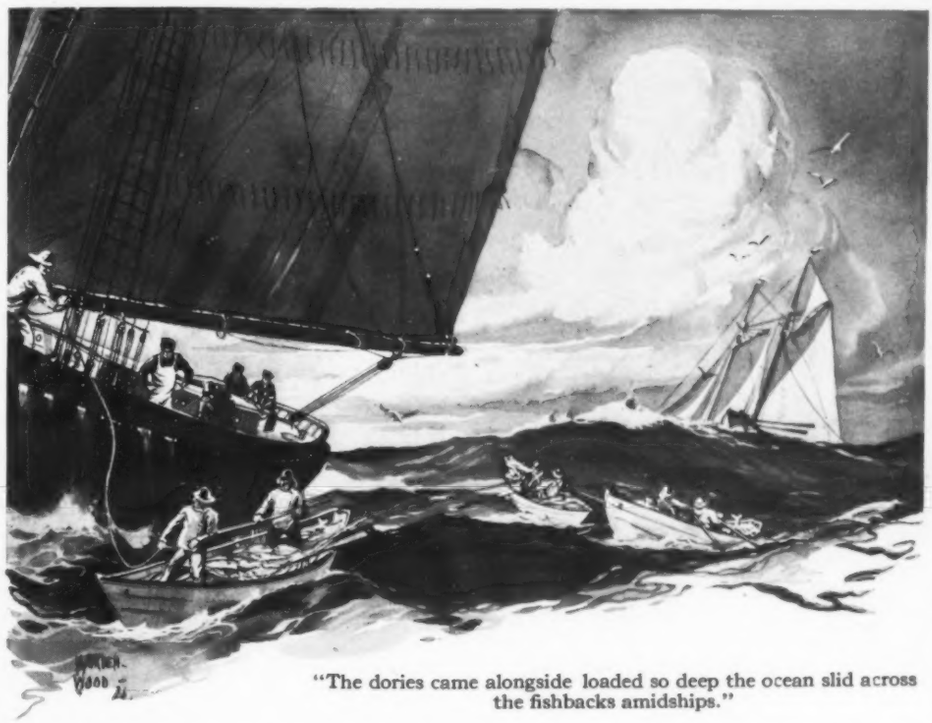
"Say, what did you let me sleep for? Where's Flannagan? What time is it? They'll give me the laugh, you —— —— old mossbunker!"

"One at a time, son. You looked kind o' peaked so I thought I'd let your pillow alone. Flannagan's off with the dough puncher and we've got the whole deck to ourselves. Maybe you'd like to wipe me around on it?"

"I certainly would, you pink-eyed jellyfish! And what's more — "

"Grab one of those forks and work it off getting that load of fish into the kids!"

We worked. The fair weather held with light varying winds out of the south'ard. The fish were there, ravenous, literally in thousands. Over with the trawls, underrun them. The dories came alongside loaded so deep the ocean slid across the fishbacks amidships. Fork, clean, stow and bait up, keep agoin' as long as your eyes stay open, drop anywhere for two or three hours' sleep and at it again. By afternoon of the third day our bait was all gone, but sixty tons of A1 cod and haddock R.I.P. below. There wasn't any expression in their eyes but I suppose they were at peace!



"The dories came alongside loaded so deep the ocean slid across the fishbacks amidships."

It was dusting up in the northeast. The glass was falling. Regulation Bank weather was on its way to balance up that three days' touch of spring.

"You still grouchy because I let you oversleep?"

"No, gone by, forgotten, Bill."

"All right. Now you start her on the home stretch and keep her goin'." He turned to the men and in the same even voice:

"Double up on the dory gripes. Get those kid boards down below. Put a couple of extra turns on the anchor lashing and make fast or put below decks everything that could be ripped off. Now, who's that fellow has charge of the wind factory?"

"Aeolus."

"That's the one!"

Bill went down into his trousers pocket, pulled out a dime and spun it into the sea.

"Here, Aeolus, give us ten cents' worth of wind! It's one hundred and thirty miles into Boston and we don't want to linger."

By dark we were moving and the organ notes through the rigging deepened as wind and our speed increased. Whether or not Aeolus had heard Bill's invocation doesn't matter, his ambition to work up for us a full-fledged gale varying between north and northeast, was apparent. The wind was commencing to strike in solid chunks; we were running west by north right in the trough, with the driving power a little abaft the beam. It grew colder, snow threatened but held off: instead came spurts of sleety rain while the wind god's fingers gradually worked toward the bass strings.

Excitement of battle banished fatigue. Flannagan slipped a bowline under my arms and belayed it to the weather bitts. "Lashed to the wheel" is popular fiction; no helmsman is ever so bound.

Including ballast the *Eva and Annie* had about one hundred and thirty tons below and her actions were very different from those on the run out. Before the nor'wester a kitten, now she lay over nearly forty degrees, seething through those rolling walls like a marine Mogul with a sullen, slow, determined, heaving motion, scarcely lifting to the seas and buried completely in flying spindrift. The night shut down, a solid Stygian blanket; the dim tops of the larger waves merged in the blur to windward. I sensed the advance of some and eased her over them, yet many a big one she had to take solid.

By eight bells there was a good deal of conversation going on aloft, in fact it was talking right out loud. To put down a spoke required considerable back muscle. Steering was no longer a soft job.

"You tired?"

"Oh, go below and play checkers! I'll tell you two little secrets, though: from the way she steers I think the jib is gone. Secondly, if you don't take some of this ungodly mainsail off her we're goin' to lose this cute little rudderhead."

"Bad as that? Well, you surprise me! Let's have her!"

Below there was noise aplenty but of a different kind. Every hamadryad evicted when the trees were felled for timber to make this vessel was voicing a protest at the racking. Shrieks, cries and groans which filled the cabin dissipated the notion that wood nymphs were always soft-voiced, such is the effect of adverse environment on vocal cords.

"Be careful," said Flannagan, "or your head will slip through between the planks!"

I remember getting a cup of coffee from the pot slung against the stove, crawling into a weather bunk (the leeward ones were all occupied) too tired to take off my boots. That's all I recall until something hit me on the head and I awoke, wrapped around a table leg on the floor. On deck the blackness was a tangible, overpowering force. A faint glow from the binnacle outlined dimly Bill's

(*Continued on page 86*)

"The boat owner is shaking off the sloth of his long winter hibernation."

Fitting Out Time

If One Has to Do It Himself, Let Him Start Early and Stick to It

FITTING out time is with us again! The sun is north of the line and shining on both sides of the fence with its usual spring vigor. The boat owner is shaking off the sloth of his long winter hibernation and the rasp of scraper and the tap of caulking mallets is a sure sign that the sailing season is not far behind. For years it has been the custom of the hardworking staff of the boating magazines to tear off pages of copy telling the tyro how to do the job of fitting out in a workmanlike manner. Most of what they have told is "old stuff" to the man who had fitted out before and learned his lesson in the hard school of experience by "crawling through the hawse-pipe and working his way aft." So this year, as most of YACHTING'S staff is suffering from writer's cramp, we are going to pass up this correspondence course, and merely tell the man who likes to, or must, perforce, do his work himself, to start early, go to it and not let up until the job is done.

In these days of ready mixed marine paints and spar varnishes one does not need much instruction to paint the boat, inside or out. For getting an especially good and smooth racing bottom, we would refer to the series of articles now running in YACHTING, entitled *Nautical Nuggets*. This gives much practical information on this subject and on the matter of overhauling your gear and rigging preparatory to a hard season afloat.

The most important part of the whole job is not putting on the paint but in properly preparing the surface before the paint is put on. This is the really hard part of the job, and the least interesting, but it must be done if good results are to be obtained, and if you elect to do the work yourself it should not be skimped.

It is of prime importance to see that your caulking is in good shape if you want that greatest of treasures, a tight boat. Usually caulking, if well put in, will last two or three years, though it will sometimes go more quickly if the boat has had hard service, been badly strained, or if water has been allowed to stand in her throughout the winter while hauled out. The garboard seams are the ones most prone to go and should be tested carefully the first thing. By trying the seams with a knife you can ascertain whether the caulking is firm or soft, and by picking out a little of it its condition will show. If it is in bad shape, discolored and rotten, recaulking will be necessary. If the caulking seems to be fairly hard and fills the seam well, and the boat has not leaked the previous season, it is probable that recaulking will not be necessary. If she has made much water the year before, she may need caulking all over or, possibly, only in spots.

Unless the old paint is in bad condition it should be simply smoothed up with sandpaper and new coats applied on top. After three or four years, however, paint gets thick and is apt to blister in spots and become rough. When it gets in this condition it must be burned off and all the paint removed to the bare wood. This is done by heating the paint with a gasolene blow torch until it is softened so that it can be removed with a scraper. There will be spots that will require considerable work but most of it will come off quite readily. Paint remover may be used in place of a blow torch and if the paint is not too thick this may be easier than a torch. Any unfair places, where a plank edge may have swelled, must be planed off and the entire surface sandpapered until it is smooth.

If you have a power boat the engine should be gone over thoroughly at spring overhaul, if this work was not done at laying-up time. Make this overhaul as thorough as possible so as to insure the engine working well. Don't go on the theory that because it worked well last year it does not need any work now. To do this work satisfactorily, it may be necessary to take the motor down so that every component part can be cleaned, properly adjusted and any minor repairs made. However, any real overhaul on an engine of any size is a shop job or, more properly, a mechanic's.

"There before my eyes lay the enormous ova of the Leviathan"

The Eggs of the Leviathan

An Amazing Addition to the Whaliana of America, from the Memories of Baron Van Hookensinker

By LLOYD MAYER

SINCE women have stopped wearing corsets there has, of course, been no profit in whaling, the honest folk of New Bedford being constrained to pull other kinds of bones for a living nowadays.

"Howsumdever," as we say Down East, the picturesque old whaling village on the shores of Buzzard's Bay is still replete with fascinating reminders of that bygone era in deep-sea fishing, when hardy mariners put out with sublime intrepidity to hunt the sperm or "corset" whale, leaving their wives for four or five years at a stretch, without a qualm.

There isn't a dock in all New Bedford that doesn't bear the indelible stains of whale oil, and the waterfront air of the old haven to this day is redolent of the oleaginous in'ards of these sea monsters, who used to be dragged by the ton over the streets, amid popular demonstrations, every time one of the whaling ships would back into her slip after a cruise to the ice-bound North, or to the mysterious Sargasso Sea of the far Antipodes.

Much has been written and orally told about whaling, but I have never seen inscribed, or heard related, the amazing story of how Baron Van Hookensinker, one of the greatest anglers that ever whipped a stream, landed an 80-ton leviathan on a trout rod from the plunging deck of the old bark *Bedford Belle*, after he had discovered the only whale nest ever found, containing the only whale eggs that, so far as I have ever been able to determine, were ever laid where anyone could get at them with a boat.

The Baron, who was a close friend of mine (in fact I never met anyone closer in my life) was a taciturn fellow, except when in his cups, and I verily believe that had we not both become fairly well "oiled," as the saying is, that night in Fairhaven at Cape Verde Joe's place, I never would have been able to give this extraordinary document to the world, incidentally adding an invaluable chapter to the Whaliana of America.

I remember that we were getting well through our fifth round of "Green Lightnin's" (a harmless and delicious concoction composed of schnapps, gin and lime juice) before Van Hookensinker opened up with the startling query:

"Have you ever eaten a whale egg omelet?"

I recall that I was so flabbergasted by the question that I drained my beaker at a single, astounded swallow, and had to compose myself sufficiently to order "another of the same" from the buxom barmaid before I could muster a normal tone in which to respond casually:

"Why, no, Baron, I don't think I ever have."

I could see at once that this pleased the daredevil Dutchman enormously. He was never so confidential as when secure in the knowledge that what he was about to relate lay beyond the experience of his listener.

Baron Van Hookensinker reached for his pipe, filled it meditatively and lit it from the flickering candle on the table, while the melting wax dripped, unheeded, upon his impressive stomach. This was the inevitable prologue to a story, as I well knew, and in my excitement I hitched my chair closer, and fell forward in an attentive attitude. When Van Hookensinker had his massive pipe well a-glow and had sunk his great mustachios for the third time in his liquor, he began:

"We were nearing the end of our schnapps and had caught but three whales in as many months of cruising off the Patagonian coast, when Captain Isaiah Whizzlebut, with whom I had made several voyages aboard the *Bed-*

ford Belle, became thoroughly disheartened at our poor luck, and, influenced, too, no doubt, by discontented murmurings among the crew, resolved to run for Whaleport in the Bozo Islands, some 3,000 miles to leeward, as the trades were then blowing.

"I shall never forget the cheery 'yo-ho-ing' of the men as the order to up-helm was thundered by the burly bo'sun and they sprang aloft to the task of bracing round the yards and sheeting home the mizzen. I climbed as far as the lubber-hole in the main royal, myself, and slid down a backstay out of pure exuberance. The sea was an unforgettable picture that morning, defying the descriptions of a Loti. Whipped to foam by the steady southeast trades, the bouncing surges boisterously pummeled the leaping hindquarters of the old whaler, while the skyey reaches above us were hung with tufts of cloud, like cotton batting on a Christmas tree."

Van Hookensinker here broke off long enough to order another drink, relighted his huge pipe, puffed rhythmically for a moment or two and then continued his absorbing narrative.

"It must have been about four bells of the larboard watch, as I remember, when the lookout bawled the totally unexpected cry of 'Thar she blow-ow-ow', adding for the enlightenment of the surprised commander and myself, 'One point for'ard of the knight heads.'

"'Get the yards aback and throw over the boats, men,' ordered Captain Whizzlebut, immediately, and there followed the usual chaotic confusion of a whaler being brought into the wind, preparatory to launching her boats and giving chase to the corset whale. 'You'll come with me, Baron, of course,' yelled the commander above the thundering canvas and the loud cursing of the mates as the old hooker lunged around into the teeth of the trades and began pitching her jibboom skyward and settling on her haunches in the trough of the sea.

"I accepted the flattering invitation with alacrity, dashing below for my rod, a light trout one which I had brought along for just such an occasion, despite the ridicule it had excited among the veteran harpooners aboard the ship, who could not conceive of my being able to catch a whale with it.

"The captain's boat was, of course, the first away, the picked crew stepping the mast in record time and spreading the lug sail to the breeze. From my point of vantage on the centerboard box I watched with amusement the other boats endeavoring to clear the rolling ship, their men, who were for the most part lubbers, struggling with oars and rigging desperately, under the blows and curses of the forceful mates, rough fellows, to be sure, but blessed with hearts of gold under their rude exteriors.

"Soon, however, the picturesque prospect of this nautical confusion was cut off by the enormous seas into which we scudded, supposedly in the direction of the leviathan, or leviathans, which the lookout had sighted, though for my part I had lost all sense of orientation in the excitement of the chase and was concerned solely with the selection of a gaudy fly for my rod.

"The cry of 'starn all,' followed by the sudden upheaval of the centerboard, with the consequent violent displacement of myself, was the first intimation of the fact that we were right on top of a whale. Apparently the monster had sought to hide itself in the trough of a sea, and we had slid down upon its back from the crest, a proceeding which is apparently common enough in the profession, but which, I admit, rather jarred me at the time.

"'Hoompah!' (she whale) shouted the Portuguese harpooner, excitedly, from his position in the bow of the boat, hurling three irons in rapid succession into the huge black hulk beneath us, though for the life of me I have never been able to determine how he discovered the sex of the monster so instantaneously.

"I was preparing to make a cast in the general direction of the creature's head, when a warning cry from the captain caused me to resume my position under a thwart. 'She's going to sound!' he bellowed, while the crew bent to the oars, in an effort to dislodge the boat from its precarious position. I listened attentively, and, sure enough, heard a deafening whinney, like the cry of an enraged horse, only magnified a thousandfold, as the giantess of the deep figuratively kicked her heels in the air and dove headfirst into the depths, taking our three harpoons and several thousand feet of line as easily as if they had been so many needles and threads.

"While some of the crew busied themselves with putting out the fire which the friction of the racing ropes on the bitts had started in the bow, rendering the position of the harpooner an uncomfortable one, Captain Whizzlebut swore at the rest of the men and scanned the tumbling surface of the waste of waters with binoculars, presumably for other game. Seeing nothing, apparently, he turned his attention to the harpooner, taking him sternly to task for not having lanced the whale and made an end of the business there and then, while we were on top of it.

"While this altercation was in progress, I picked up the glasses and scanned the sea for myself, presently being rewarded by a glimpse of a peculiar object, resembling nothing so much as an enormous bird's nest, which was tossing on the billows a mile or so to leeward. Fearing that my eyes had tricked me, I said nothing about my discovery until it seemed apparent that Captain Whizzlebut meant to put back to the ship, relying on the other boats to follow our whale. At the risk of laying myself open to ridicule, I called his attention to the curious object I had sighted, with the result that after he had scrutinized it for an instant, he gave curt orders to 'give way' in its direction.

"On approach, the strange phenomenon (for so it seemed to me) resolved itself into a huge, circular mass of seaweed, reinforced with sizeable logs of driftwood which were bound firmly to the central structure by lashings of kelp and ribbon weed, the whole forming a substantial repository for something or other and floating a couple of feet above the surface of the sea.

"Captain Whizzlebut was more visibly excited than I had ever seen him, urging the oarsmen forward with the most horrible profanity as we neared the object, and betokening his intense interest in various other ways. As we drew alongside the huge thing, he rose hastily from his seat and peered over its rim, ejaculating almost instantly:

"'*Eggs!* whale eggs, you blarsted Dutchman!' And, even as he spoke, I realized that there before my eyes lay the enormous ova of the leviathan, three of them, light green in hue and speckled with dark blue blotches, the size of small bathing houses. In my excitement I leaped onto the edge of the gigantic nest, for such of course it was, and clambered down its sides for a closer view of the huge eggs, the largest I had ever seen and of course the most extraordinary, even in my considerable scientific experience.

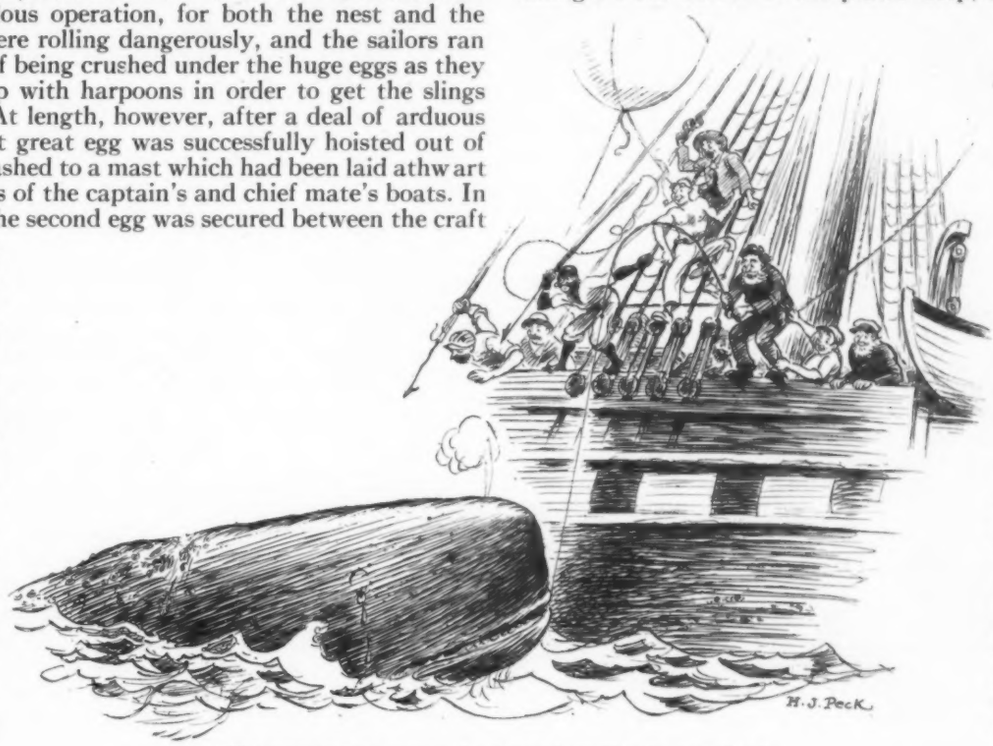
"'Sandy,' cried Whizzlebut, who had followed me (I always dropped my title and went by the name of Sandy Hookensinker aboard ship), 'Sandy, we are the first to discover a whale's nest. You, a man of science, must appreciate the significance of this amazing find. I have often encountered portions of one of these abandoned nests, and once a piece of whale egg shell, the size of a barn door, stove a hole in one of my boats, but in all my vast experience no one has ever found a whale's nest intact and containing, as this does, the eggs of the leviathan!'

"There was a quiet dignity about Whizzlebut's state-

ment which impressed the motionless crew mightily, several of them beginning to cross themselves in superstitious awe at the change the discovery had wrought in their normally irascible commander, and at the discovery itself, for that matter; for it was unquestionably unique in their experience as in ours.

"Meanwhile the mates' boats had come up with us, and Captain Whizzlebut, relapsing from his scientific mood into his usual and more familiar character of a high seas dictator, sharply ordered them to lay alongside the nest, opposite one another, and to rig tackles on the masts for the purpose of removing the great ova bodily from their resting places.

"The wind, falling suddenly light, and a consequently diminishing sea, rendered safer what was nevertheless a rather hazardous operation, for both the nest and the whaleboats were rolling dangerously, and the sailors ran no little risk of being crushed under the huge eggs as they pried them up with harpoons in order to get the slings under them. At length, however, after a deal of arduous labor, the first great egg was successfully hoisted out of the nest and lashed to a mast which had been laid athwart the gunwhales of the captain's and chief mate's boats. In like manner the second egg was secured between the craft commanded by the third and fourth officers. As there seemed to be no practical way of transporting the remaining egg, with some reluctance we resolved to abandon it, consoling ourselves with the humane reflection that the mother whale would have the satisfaction of hatching out at least one of her brood, on her return.



"The tremendous mammal suffered herself to be reeled in".

"The *Bedford Belle* had by this time run down to our position and was hove to near by, her great sails slapping on the yards as she heaved on the slow swell and her crew grouped at the rail in wondering amazement at the strange appearance we made as we pulled toward them with the whale eggs slung between the boats.

"What follows is perhaps the most remarkable part of the story, after all," continued Baron Van Hookensinker, pausing a moment to deliberately knock out his pipe and to reiterate the order for 'another of the same,' while I slumped forward on the table, completely fascinated by his astounding narrative and almost literally hanging on his words. Filling and lighting his pipe, he puffed in silence for an interval and then, having swallowed a copious draught from his replenished glass, resumed his recital with what seemed almost a note of sadness in his musical voice.

"During the ensuing night we lay becalmed, shifting our position but slightly, as observations the following noon indicated. About three bells, or dawn, in the morning watch, I was aroused from a complete unconsciousness by a loud rapping upon the door of my cabin, which was next that of Captain Whizzlebut, on the windward side, abaft the tri-works and just for'ard of the lee to' gallan' brace, to be exact. To my befuddled query as to what was up, the commander's voice replied, 'Come on deck, Sandy; quick!'

"Slightly alarmed for my personal safety by this unusual summons, I was girding a life preserver about me, preparatory to complying with the order, when my ear was caught by a heartrending blubber which seemed to come from the oily surface of the heaving sea, directly through my porthole. Thoroughly amazed, I dashed on deck to discover the source of this unearthly lamentation.

"I found the captain and the chief mate in the center of the watch on deck, who were grouped at the larboard rail, gazing intently at what seemed to be a huge, floating island that lay motionless a few yards distant, rising and falling on the bosom of the placid deep, and almost directly beneath the main yard arm, to which had been slung the larger of the two leviathan eggs we had captured.

"As I looked, there came again that uncanny, sobbing blubber that had so disturbed me an instant before. Unquestionably it emanated from the dark object there, and I had gathered the significance of the dramatic scene even before Captain Whizzlebut, turning upon me with a hoarse, excited curse, whispered:

"It's the mother whale, looking for her eggs."

"Affecting as was this manifestation of parental solicitude, my sporting emotions were uppermost, and without another look at the bereaved leviathan, I leaped below for my trout rod, sensing immediately that here was the chance of a lifetime to display my prowess as an angler. Affixing the gayest fly in my enormous collection to the end of the line, I returned on deck, climbed into the main rigging and made a cast.

"The result exceeded my most extravagant expectations, for whether by accident or design, the she whale almost instantly took the fly in her teeth and began to swim away with it, for all the world like a colossal brook trout. With a deft twist I had her securely hooked, and then began the most memorable battle in my entire fishing experience.

"I will stake my life on it that the sperm, or corset, whale, particularly the female of the species, is a far gamier fish than either the tuna or the far-famed Florida tarpon, and those who remain of the crew of the *Bedford Belle* who witnessed my astounding landing of that 80-ton leviathan, will bear me out in my contention.

"For six hours I played the desperate monster, which

(*Continued on page 80*)

New Yachts for the New England Fleet

Several Large Ones Building—Massachusetts Yacht Clubs Make Season Schedules

By WILLIAM UPHAM SWAN

AMONG those who, last October, first welcomed America's leading Arctic explorer of the present age, Donald MacMillan, was Rowe B. Metcalf, of a famous Narragansett yachting family, who had been driven into the little harbor inside of Manana Island at Monhegan by the same gale that held up the Columbus Day's celebration of the return of MacMillan's *Bowdoin*. In those few hours Mr. Metcalf drank enough of the explorer's cup of enthusiasm for the north to inspire him into ordering his third *Sachem* for a trip to high latitudes with MacMillan this coming summer.

The *Sachem III* will be launched this month from the well known yard of Charles A. Morse, of Thomaston, Me. She is one of the big fleet of 1926 yachts which John G. Alden has designed, and will undoubtedly be the staunchest of them all, for her test will be the severest. She is 80 feet overall, 65 feet on the water line, 20 feet beam and 10 feet draft. For power she will have a Cummins Diesel motor. She is a pole-masted, gaff-rigged schooner with a short bowsprit and after deck house. John Alden has not gone to the staysail rig for cruising boats with some of the other designers, so that the *Sachem III* may look a bit old fashioned when she rejoins the fleet in Newport harbor next fall; but both the designer and owner believe that she will prove far more satisfactory with her gaffs than under the new-fangled trysails.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the *Sachem III*'s trip will be the presence on board of at least one woman, and perhaps two. Mrs. Metcalf is a member of that famous Maine shipbuilding family of Sewalls which turned out so many square-riggers, and her love for the sea therefore comes naturally. She may take along her cousin, Miss Maud Fisher, of New York, and the experiences of the two women among the icebergs of the Greenland coast should prove unusually interesting. They will be the first women to go north since Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband in one of his early dashes for the pole.

Captain Metcalf will take Egbert Sewall, a brother-in-law, with him on the *Sachem III* as engineer, as well as a Gloucester sailing master and two or three paid hands. He may also accommodate some of the scientists of the MacMillan expedition, for he expects to be in company with the *Bowdoin* for at least part of the trip, probably as far as Etah.

The *Sachem* probably will fly the red burgee of the Rhode Island Yacht Club, of which her owner is rear commodore, although she will be entitled to hoist that of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs, as well as the white flag with its blue wave of the Cruising Club of America.

Massachusetts Bay Yachting News

The Eastern Yacht Club is to have a new flagship, for Commodore Nathaniel F. Ayer purchased in February the Class D schooner designed by George Owen, originally for George L. Batchelder, and fully described in the February number of YACHTING. Commodore Ayer has ordered work to be rushed on the new schooner at Lussenpiccolo and has sent over blocks, cleats and other rigging in the hope of having her at Newport for the opening of the major yachting season on June 28th. She will rate close to the *Advance*, and like the Lawrence boat will have a full staysail rig.

Horace Binney, one of the older members of the New York Yacht Club and a member of the Eastern as well, purchased the schooner *Queen Mab* from Commodore Ayer and will have the Herreshoff company install a small auxiliary motor this spring. She will take part in many of the runs of the two clubs, but will not be raced strenuously; in other words, with Mrs. Binney on board, she will not loaf outside all night for a few honors and prizes.

The cruise of the Eastern Yacht Club will practically start with the long distance race from Newport to Marblehead on June 30th for the second gold cup offered by Capt. Harold S. Vanderbilt, the first one having been won two years ago by the *Queen Mab*, and is now a part of the Ayer collection of yachting trophies. Two races for major yachts will follow off Marblehead, on July 3rd and 5th, and the fleet will start at noon on July 6th for a straight-away run across the Gulf of Maine to Bar Harbor, 180 miles. This will give the yachts a chance for some windward work in coming back to the westward, although the destination of the five squadron runs which will follow will not be decided until the night before the start of each. The fleet will probably run up into Blue Hill Bay for a night's anchorage off the mouth-filling Kolligwidgwok Yacht Club, of which Fleet Surgeon Seth M. Milliken, of the schooner *Shawna*, is commodore. Sunday, July 11th, will be spent at Islesboro, and the fleet will disband at Portland on July 13th.

As there will be a five weeks layoff for large boats before the start of the cruise of the New York Yacht Club, the Eastern has planned four open regattas off Marblehead for major yachts on July 17th, July 24th, July 31st and August 7th.

The racing season for small boats starts at Marblehead on May 29th and closes with the famous Chowder Race of the Corinthian Yacht Club on September 19th. The annual Race Week will begin August 7th, with three races by the Eastern Y.C., three by the Corinthian Y.C. and one by the Boston Y.C. The sixth Massachusetts Junior Yacht Championship, in which Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, and probably Maine and perhaps the Great Lakes will have crews, will be sailed on August 23rd, 24th and 25th. The Class R championship for the Eastern Yacht Club Ladies Plate will be held during the week of August 2nd, when the Manhasset Cup will be defended, and perhaps the tie between the *Yankee* and the *Quiver* for the Greenwich Cup may be decided. The Pleon and Eastern Junior Yacht Clubs will also hold contests for very small boats so that it looks like close to 100 races at Marblehead in 114 days. The hoary old rocks are in for some cannonading.

The Boston Yacht Club announces an open race for all cruising boats from Marblehead to Boothbay, starting on July 17th as the first run of the annual cruise to the Maine coast. The fleet will visit Five Islands, Camden, North Haven and Bar Harbor. Commodore James F. Hodder and other flag officers, and Charles E. Lauriet, Jr. have offered cups for the races.

Stuyvesant Wainwright of the famous sloop *Butterfly*, has filed a challenge for the Brooklyn Ocean Cup won last year by Dudley Smith's sloop *Bonita IV* in the run from Larchmont to Gloucester. The race will start from Marblehead and finish at Seagate, and the yachts may round Nantucket Lightship. The *Bonita IV* is overhauling at Camden and will appear in a new Marconi rig.

Studying charts of Albemarle Sound while in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal.

A snug "anchorage" for the night near Bluff Point, N. C.

By Sneakbox to Florida

Part III — From the Potomac to the Cape Fear River

By F. Slade Dale

EMBOLDENED by impatience at the numerous delays, we began pushing the weather a bit and before long found ourselves out in water which would have scared us to death had we encountered it back home on Barnegat. Before we had completed the last leg of our outside run below Cape Fear we had become so used to rough-looking water that we hardly hesitated to have a try at it in any weather that did not actually make the seas break, and although forward progress was sometimes slow there was only one occasion when we had to retreat to the nearest inlet. If the degree of seaworthiness of a boat could be measured by its ability to ride out a sea by drifting before it, then our sneakboxes would be world champions; for whenever we stopped to fill the gasoline tanks the boats lifted over the waves like a cork, and though bobbing around rather wildly they kept their decks almost dry.

In the woods on the north shore of the Potomac, behind the lighthouse, we stumbled across the old rifle pits thrown up by the Union soldiers in the Civil War; row after row of embankment now covered with pine needles and overgrown with small trees, and near by the old fort — once all in readiness for the enemy who never came. But we had our own battle of the Potomac; not a violent one, but rather one of strategy where both sides adopt a watch-and-wait policy. More than a week passed before we could get our clearance papers from Old Boreas and proceed on our way to Norfolk; but let it be understood that we spent those days in two snug little harbors, one on each side of the Potomac, and met some friendly fishermen and townsfolk who gave us all the fish we could eat and in other ways made the delay a pleasant one. Later on, down in North Carolina, in discussing the stormy weather with other south-bound boatmen in the presence of a fellow from a newspaper office we must have talked very incoherently, for the next day we read that we had "battled a storm nine days and nights in the middle of the Potomac River, unable to proceed in either direction."

Our parting shot at the Chesapeake was a dawn-to-dusk-to-dawn run from the Potomac to Norfolk, where we arrived tired and hungry after 21 hours of steady running through fog and spray and drizzling rain. Crossing the mouth of Mobjack Bay, a distance of about 15 miles, we saw nothing but rain and mist and the compass on the hatch before us. We poured eight gallons of gasoline and an indeterminable number of raindrops into the spinning mechanism on the stern, but its digestion was perfect and at the end of the run it was the only part of the whole outfit which wasn't tired. Frank and I admitted our fatigue, and I know the boats were tired because they lay down on the bottom at the Norfolk Boat Club and refused to budge until the tide came in.

We took the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal route from Norfolk, as a gate had given way in the Dismal Swamp Canal and it was closed to traffic. Two loaded barges had been caught high and dry by the washout and the only persons who seemed to benefit by the accident were the children, who found lots of fun playing around in the deep gully between the banks.

We crossed the uncertain Albemarle Sound in a dead calm, but the next day got a taste of Pamlico's anger when we slipped around from Stumpy Point Bay into Pains Bay in the face of a freshening souther. Much choppier and more irregular than the seas in the Chesapeake, and more difficult to buck into, but we were running broadside-to or off before the sea most of the time and had no trouble. Only once did we have to head into it and that was when a long row of nets blocked our course; even then we might safely have slid over the top of the nets had it not been that we feared to arouse the wrath of a man standing up in a rowboat at the outer end of the pound. How he kept his balance was more than we could fathom, but five minutes later we discovered that he was nothing more than an old coat and a sou'wester stuck up on a pole to scare off the ducks which swam around the nets. Then we slid over the nets without going out of our way further, and soon made a harbor far up in the woods in a narrow little creek.

Two days later we essayed to cross Pamlico by the more or less reliable night calm, but for the first time on the cruise we had to retrace our steps when a short way out on the thirty-mile jaunt from Bluff Point, and hold over two days for better weather. We anchored in an abandoned drainage canal in the heart of a section of the state abounding with deer, bears and wildcats, but our ease of mind was not broken by the appearance of any more

***Sheldrake* and *Crab* in dry dock for cleaning and overhaul.**

ferocious an animal than the busy spider, who finished his web on the painter just as we made ready to leave. We spent a day in running up to New Holland through another canal, seven miles long and straight as an arrow, where there is a sportsman's paradise in a large lake twenty miles long, thickly inhabited with ducks and geese. A modern pumping plant had at one time been installed to drain the lake and reclaim some of the most fertile soil in North Carolina, but the project had not been a continued success and when the water returned, it not only covered the soil but likewise an investment of some six million dollars. We never liked farming anyway, and a twenty-mile lake is a much nicer bit of scenery.

The next time we started across Pamlico Sound we left by broad daylight and reached the Neuse River Lighthouse about dusk, where we asked what our chances would be of finding the entrance to Adams Creek in the dark. Mr. Peele, the assistant keeper, suggested that we spend the night with him and make the run to Beaufort by daylight. Acting on the assumption that every old-timer in the Lighthouse or Life Saving Service is well worth meeting, we quickly accepted the invitation and subsequently lost a good night's sleep when we sat up talking with Peele.

The Neuse River lighthouse is a "bug-light," a little two-story house resting far out of water on steel legs. As we looked up from our boats to the structure eighteen feet above, it seemed unbelievable that a storm tide could have sent waves washing the under side of the flooring, as it had done on one occasion. The light itself is in a little tower above the roof and when we climbed up expecting to find a powerful light throwing its rays out over the Sound we were amazed to confront a simple kerosene lamp very much like an ordinary reading lamp, wholly dependent upon the encircling lenses for its long range of visibility. In the daytime it is imperative that the sun's rays be screened off, otherwise the lens would so concentrate them that fire might break out.

When we said goodbye to Peele and headed for Beaufort we felt that our delays were over; we had averaged a hundred miles a week since leaving Bay Head five and a half weeks before, and had put behind us most of the open inland waters. We expected to jump out Bogue Inlet and eat up the outside run to Georgetown in short order. We were still expecting to as we pulled into Beaufort and later Morehead City, but when we saw all the yachts tied up awaiting better weather and talked to some of the crews we weren't in quite such a hurry. We had no desire to risk adding the *Crab* and *Sheldrake* to the list of yachts lost in the fall of 1925.

Nobody can blame the captain who chooses to be cautious, and we soon realized that there is considerable danger for even the best boats which attempt the outside run in any but the finest winter weather; but it was truly remarkable how many big yachts had to tie up at Beaufort or Morehead City "to finish up some work on the boat." Captain and crew would solemnly declare that they were just waiting for a coat of paint or varnish to harden before setting out on the outside run, and they resented the merest suggestion that they were waiting for better weather. Sly seadogs! Their seagoing yachts became less and less seaworthy as they approached the end of the inside route, and they had to have some plausible excuse for tying up.

Neither the *Crab* nor the *Sheldrake* needed any extensive overhauling, however, so they just tied up at the dock and told all curious persons that they were scared to death to go out, yet we felt far more secure in making the outside run in our boats than we would have in some of the houseboats which we saw.

As we faced the outside passage, which for most boats extends from Beaufort to Winyah Bay with one harbor at Southport, about midway of the 175-mile stretch, it seemed obvious that if we so desired we could wait for good weather and make the outside run in small bits with as much ease as we would pass through a canal on the inside route. Just because we were on a long trip there was nothing to compel us to go out in weather which we would not tackle at home, and indeed we even intended to wait for better weather than if we had been in home waters. All of which goes to show how little we knew of what lay before us; for we were to find that the ocean has a way of tempting one forth even against his better judgment, and with our first glimpse of the ocean at Bogue Inlet all our preconceived notions vanished and we were left with a spirit of impatience which seemed never satisfied unless we were pushing our boxes out into seas too big for them.

The channel down Bogue Sound is not one of enjoyment for boats of much draft, but small cruisers avail themselves of the chance to reduce the outside run by twenty-five miles or so, and pass out at Bogue Inlet instead of at Beaufort. We anchored for the night near the western end of the Sound and after an early start in the morning landed at the foot of the sand bluff overlooking the inlet.

A Chesapeake Bay schooner.

The outlook from the top of the ridge was not encouraging; the wind was on the border of the danger zone and the resulting tendency of the seas to break on the bar was accentuated by the strong ebb tide. From our elevation the breakers were deceiving; they looked like little wisps of cotton rolling along before the breeze, and two fishing boats lying at anchor inside the bar added a touch of quiet repose to the scene; only the flowing tide below us revealed the ocean's true restlessness. We knew that some allowance must be made for our viewpoint; fishermen earning a livelihood at sea don't spend the day inside the bar without reason, but it was hard to believe that the sea was really very rough.

We had read over and over all that the Inside Pilot had to say about the inlets along the outside run, especially the paragraph: "An onshore wind, even if light, will cause a heavy break on the bars . . . strangers in small craft should not leave a sheltered anchorage bound southward with the wind anywhere between southeast and southwest and should make an anchorage as soon as possible after the wind begins to blow from these directions . . . strangers should not attempt to enter an inlet when breakers form entirely across it." We tried to find some bit of hidden encouragement that would justify us in setting out, but the instructions were not in the least ambiguous and we were unable to discover anything favorable between the lines. If it had just read "an onshore wind will cause a heavy break on the bars" we could have interpreted it as meaning a breeze of some strength, but it clearly included "even if light"; and moreover "strangers in small craft" surely fitted us, for neither the *Crab* nor the *Sheldrake* could be considered large. But the ocean lured us forth in spite of ourselves, and by telling one another that the southwest wind was really blowing off the beach rather than onshore we finally worked up to the point of shoving off.

The best water out of Bogue Inlet ran along the east point of beach a ways before turning seaward, but the tide ran straight out into the breakers on the shoals which extended across the inlet. We took no chances of having one boat carried out by the current should anything unforeseen happen to its motor, but fastened one end of a forty-foot line to the bow cleat of the *Sheldrake* and passed it aft through a snaphook on the taffrail, securing the other end to the bow cleat of the *Crab*. In this way the *Sheldrake* was ready to tow the *Crab*, yet the latter could readily become the towboat by simply running ahead and snapping the rope from her bow cleat into the hook on her taffrail, while the *Sheldrake* released the line from the snaphook on her own counter and let it pull straight from her bow cleat. This tandem position permitted each boat to run under its own power, and as the leading boat smoothed the way for the one astern there was little likelihood of a single wave drowning out both boats at the same time. Should the first one falter the second one could take up the burden and at least maintain steerage way until the other was started up again.

Crab and *Sheldrake* loading up with gas for the outboards at Beaufort, N. C.

By the time we were out in the inlet we realized that the view from the sand ridge had been entirely deceptive. The wind was blowing distinctly onshore and the waves were considerably more formidable than we had expected. We took one precaution before going out over the bar; running as close as we dared to the fishing boats, we asked if New River Inlet would be passable in the afternoon if the wind held on as it was blowing. Our shouts may have been carried away on the wind or the fishermen may have been too engrossed in looking at our boxes to formulate a hurried answer; at any rate their only reply was a perplexed smile, which was not too reassuring as we pushed out through the tossing seas on the bar. The water beyond was not much better and in a very few moments all thought of reaching New River Inlet, fifteen miles below, vanished as we became concerned only in making a harbor at the first opportunity. But for that indescribable smile which may well have concealed the fishermen's contempt for our sneakboxes, we would have put back into Bogue, but we had no desire to humiliate the *Crab* and *Sheldrake* in such fashion, and both skippers somewhat feared the dangerous psychological effect which so early a retreat might have upon the crew. With over a hundred miles of ocean ahead of us there would be more propitious moments for turning back. So on we plunged, the *Crab* synchronizing so perfectly that the emergency line between the two boats was never jerked taut, yet never slacked up enough to reach the propeller.

Under sail on the inland waterway.

Progress became a matter of doubt as we struggled up to the top of every wave only to have it slip from under us before we could derive some benefit by coasting down the other side. A search for smoother water proved as slow a task as it was unrewarding. It was a matter of many minutes to work inshore when once we had cleared the outlying shoals off the inlet, for we could turn away from the sea only through a limited arc without taking water on deck, and to run off before it in order to get nearer the beach would have undone a half hour's work. To add to our problems the *Sheldrake's* spars chafed through their light lashing on deck and stubbornly refused to be tamed by the skipper's one free hand. Heavier lashing could not be used with safety because the spars extended a couple of feet over the stern and if the *Crab* should run down on them she might do serious damage if they were not free to break loose readily.

Inshore the waves were more regular but they had a disquieting tendency to lop over as if about to break, and as we feared one real breaker more than anything else we worked out again to a position about half a mile off the beach. Bear Inlet slowly drew near after an hour and a half of effort to reach it, but the breakers on the shoals and the sly combers near the channel buoys were not a welcome sight.

One of the first things which the beginner does well to learn when running inlets in a small boat is to wholly ignore the channel markings; we steadfastly refused to recognize them. Correctly placed buoys are welcome guides, perhaps, to boats which must keep in the deepest water, but the small boat which invariably uses them to

show the way will sooner or later run up against a stray comber — and it takes only one of these to end a cruise. If an inlet is hard to run because of breakers extending across it, the small boat's best chance of making a safe passage quite often lies in taking the shoalest route in, rather than the deepest; for a breaker in several feet of water can easily bury the boat under or turn it over and over, while the breaker in very shallow water turns into a meek little thing through which the skipper can work his boat safely by hopping overboard if necessary. In such event there is little risk other than a remote chance of filling down; and even filling down is preferable to rolling over and over, for in the latter case the cargo not only gets wet but is dumped overboard besides. To be sure, it is never possible to reach the shoalest water without passing through a danger zone of breakers in fairly deep water, but there would be no fun to the thing at all if it were all easy going.

We picked out a promising spot where from a distance the breakers looked as unimposing as any breaker can, and headed for the shoal. The first wave shot the *Crab* forward till she almost collided, but the *Sheldrake* caught the wave in time and was carried out of reach; then the line came up taut with a jerk and both boats stood still as if undecided what to do. One more wave put us on the edge of the shoal, but fortunately did not come over the sterns, and in another instant we were in little more than a foot of water, surrounded on all sides by tiny white breakers racing over the shoal. A tumbling breaker came piling over the sand astern of us, obligingly flattened out into harmless churning foam, and floated us over the hard bottom into deeper water beyond, leaving a path of almost bare sand in our wake.

And that was all there was to it; in a few moments we were in a cozy little nook inside the point of beach, reaching over the side for clusters of oysters growing along the shore. We let the boats dry out a little in the sun while we walked to the top of the extensive dunes which had blown up until they covered the tree tops on the east side of the inlet. Once more the ocean looked quiet and peaceful, the breakers were dwarfed again to harmless patches of foam, and we wondered if we really had encountered rough water; but we had lost that desire to strike out again regardless of wind or sea, and for the present were content to take the inside channel as far as we could go.

We attempted to take a short cut through the marshes to the channel leading down to New River, but most of the afternoon was spent in running up winding thoroughfares which grew narrower and shoaler until they closed up entirely; then we had to retrace our steps and explore some other likely looking passage. The grass was too high to afford a view over its waving top, and our only guide was the flood tide which we assumed would flow strongest in the thoroughfares connecting with the main channel. Just as we were about to rest from our labors with the pushpole and resign ourselves to a night in the meadows, we struck a swiftly flowing stream which led us through a long winding passage out into the dredged channel along the woods on the mainland. The next day we continued beyond Brown's Inlet through a narrow channel which had been cut behind the sand dunes all the way to New River Inlet, where we discovered a heavy surf breaking on the beach under the influence of fresh easterly winds. Fishermen intimated that we might be in for a week of such weather and that we might as well abandon all thought of going outside until the weather became settled again.

As far back as Pamlico Sound we had heard vague suggestions that we could take an inside route all the way to Cape Fear; and possibly to Georgetown, thus avoiding all outside work. Fishermen and baymen upon hearing that we were going to Miami, and could run comfortably in eighteen inches of water, time and again exclaimed, "Why, with them boats you can go all the way inside," and only when we pinned them down to details would we discover that by "all the way" they really meant part of the way, and of just what part they were never quite sure. It seemed to be a failing of theirs to try to encourage us by promising the impossible, and although they hinted at numerous trips which at one time or another in their lives they had made to those unfrequented regions along the coast, they soon ceased to impress us as speaking with any accuracy, or even truthfulness. We always listened carefully, however, and it was probably our rapt attention which led them on to more colossal tales of channels and ditches which never existed.

Local knowledge is usually a help, but when it becomes so local that it is reliable only within a radius of about three miles the stranger will fare best by sticking to the Inside Pilot. The Pilot conservatively says that from New River Inlet to Wrightsville Inlet, about thirty-five statute miles, "there is a continuous passage said to be navigable for a draft of one and a half feet at high tide." And it adds: ". . . should never be attempted by strangers." The Pilot never spoke a truer word; but like much sensible advice, this bit of truth didn't fit in well with our plans, so when we reached New River and found we could not go outside for several days we accepted the assurances of fishermen that we would have no trouble with a draft of even twenty inches, and pushed on for Wrightsville.

Thus far we had always considered our draft, when under way with the Johnsons, as being about eighteen inches; before we had gone two miles beyond New River we reduced this figure to fifteen inches, and a little later to twelve. Before we were out of that terrible Stump Sound we had tilted up our motors and were running along through ten inches of something resembling water but which had all the properties of pure, thick mud. The propellers were burnished till they shone like a mirror and the cooling water from the motors squirted forth in a chocolate colored stream. By all precepts the water-jackets should have clogged up and the plunger pump have become stuck, but things don't happen in Stump Sound as they do in the world at large; even Mother Nature seems to have become confused in laying out this part of the world. Flowing tides are unknown; the water seems to be trapped in a maze of narrow ditches so crooked and twisting that it just lies still in its bewilderment as to which way it ought to run. There are no channels, although a lad in a bateau insisted that there were, and made us turn in convolutions so as to take advantage of an additional inch of water lying a few feet to one side or the other. It is too shallow to row and what few boats we saw were equipped with a single long oar or paddle, which long practice enabled the boatman to use without having it sink out of sight in the mud.

So far as anyone whom we met could remember, the *Crab* and *Sheldrake* were the only foreign craft which had attempted to squirm through those waters in years, and indeed we felt almost like missionaries as we talked with some of the folks living in shacks along the shore. One kind old man even went into detail to explain that the people of that region were celebrating a holiday which they observed once a year; he told us how they held oyster roasts and in other ways made the day a festive occasion and so aroused our curiosity by referring to the holiday as "just an old custom which we have around here" that we suffered a severe shock and no little disillusionment when he added that they called it Thanksgiving.

On the third day of our entanglement we picked up another pilot who happened to be going our way and he

(*Continued on page 84*)

From New York to Nassau in the Cutter *Flying Cloud*

By Frank Bangs Draper

Securing the tender on *Flying Cloud* on her way to sea.

IN August, 1925, "Nels" Wolfe and Aubrey D. Kelly were with me in *Flying Cloud*, cruising to the eastward. While lying in Gloucester, and afterwards in Marblehead, a cruise to the West Indies was discussed.

As we stood out past Marblehead Rock that beautiful Saturday afternoon, August 15th, the subject of the West Indies cruise was again taken up. The day was warm. An eight-mile southerly was blowing. At 5.46 we tacked off the Graves, and at 6.25 the Boston Lightship was close aboard to port. We could just lay S.E. half S. for the tip of the Cape. We were bound around to the Vineyard.

"Let's do it," said Nels. That could mean only go south. "Yes," I replied, "Lets do it." Then I added, "There is one thing I am afraid of." "What's that?" asked Nels. "I admit I am afraid of Jack Frost. He is coming. He will be here by November first. We must retreat below his dead line." "Agreed," was the reply.

Then and there, with the Boston Lightship to witness the compact, it was settled and agreed that south we would go, where the flying fishes play.

Back at City Island in the late September the *Flying Cloud* was overhauled for the cruise. *Flying Cloud* is a topmast cutter, 58 ft. on deck, 44 ft. waterline, 14 ft. beam, 8 ft. draft, designed and built by Herreshoff. Her construction is composite, consisting of a steel bulb angle frame to which her planking and decks are bolted. Ballast all outside, about 30,000 lbs. of lead. Flush deck. Mast stepped one-third the length of the waterline abaft the forward end, its diameter almost ten inches, solid, of Oregon pine. Topmast above masthead, 24 ft.; boom, 39 ft.; gaff, 26 ft.

Flying Cloud ready for her long voyage.

The areas of *Flying Cloud's* sails in square feet are as follows: jib, 258; forestaysail, 206; mainsail, 1,129. The total area of the three lowers was, therefore, 1,593 sq. ft., in addition to which there was a sprit topsail of 260 sq. ft., two jib topsails of 300 and 200 sq. ft. respectively, a combination balloon jib and spinnaker, and two trysails, the first of 400 sq. ft. and the second of 150 sq. ft.

Our plans were twice changed. It was first decided to go to Bermuda and from there to Nassau, New Providence Island, Bahamas. The insurance company wanted a year's insurance for Bermuda, as well as another year's insurance for the Bahamas and Florida. This made us recall that we had already seen Bermuda. Why go there? Then Norfolk was chosen as a stopping place on the way. But further discussion in October, as the approach of our enemy Jack Frost became apparent, resulted in eliminating Norfolk, and a final decision to get offshore in pursuit of warmth and comfort.

The fitting out time was a delight. New running rigging was rove. A full coil ,200 fathoms, of one-and-one-half inch yacht rope put on board. This was enough to renew everything. Also 100 fathoms of one-and-three-fourths inch yacht rope and 50 fathoms of small stuff. *Flying Cloud* always has on board plenty of extra blocks, shackles, wire, marlin, palms and needles, all kinds of tools, etc., including an extra stovepipe for use in case the old one is swept overboard. Also a cap for the deck plate where the stovepipe is placed, if required to keep the water out. The skylights and portholes were protected by battens three inches wide and seven-eighths inches thick. The skylight covers, made of heavy canvas, were permanently fastened on the forward ends of the skylights, rolled up and left on deck. The bolts holding the Shipmate were examined and set up. The inventory contained three logs and four spinners, and a roll of spare canvas.

Flying Cloud has two boats, a 12-foot sailing dinghy, and a 14-foot boat which was formerly a launch, out of which I removed a perfectly good engine. These boats were carried on davits swung inboard, hanging high enough off the deck to allow all water on deck to flow under them freely. Full life boat equipment was put into each of them, oars, rudder, five gallons of water, food, bailers, and small sea anchors. Life buoys with automatic lights were placed on the after davits. The required stuff for life lines was on board. In the starboard boat reclined a Johnson outboard motor and two gallons of gas in a can. When I say that in the five months I have owned this motor, it has given me much service and no trouble, none will deny it must be fool proof.

There was also stowed in the bilge 800 lbs. of coal, 45 bags of charcoal, besides 200 lbs. of the best Shipmate fuel to be found, namely Ford

charcoal briquettes, made by the Ford Motor Co., Detroit. There is no agency for this in New York. It was ordered by express from Philadelphia.

The tanks held 300 gallons of water. All kinds of galley stores were stowed, at least a half ton, in fact enough for 90 days. There was water to supply each man on board a gallon a day for 50 days. The kerosene cans held 10 gallons.

The two trysails were put in stops and stowed on deck ready for use. A large double block with suitable shackle for the main traveler was at hand. The trysails each had two sheets, one to port and one to starboard. Before the trysails were set the double block was shackled on the main traveler, the two sheets rove through the two sheaves of the block, and the one on the side where the sail would trim was set up just so the sail was straightened out on the deck. Then the trysail was hoisted by means of the throat halliard and if necessary the halliard was put on the port mast winch and set up. This resulted in sheeting down the sail, no matter how much wind there was in it. The windward sheet, lying over the boom, was ready for use if the sail was shifted to that side, and could be set up with the mainsheet winch on the after deck. These sheets were belayed to the mainsheet cleats. Meanwhile the boom was held in the crutch by the tackles.

On October 1st I had the good luck to persuade Charles Atwater to join the ship. Up to the time of sailing we had not abandoned hope that Marty Kattenhorn would be with us. But the Sunday before we sailed he came on board and reported that he could not arrange to go. With much regret we signed him off.

The skipper, Frank Draper, at the wheel.

The ship's company consisted of Wolfe, Kelly, Atwater, Finley Richards, paid hand, and also a supposedly deep sea cook named Morris, and the writer.

We had planned to start Sunday morning, October 25th, from our anchorage in City Island Roads, but it blew a whole gale all day. In consequence we held on to our mooring and put out a hook with the aid of Bob Lee and his water boat *Uncle Sam*. The newspapers Monday morning reported the velocity of the wind during Sunday's gale as 85 miles per hour. Monday morning, however, was bright with an eight-mile breeze from the west.

The tug *Dorothy* was employed to tow the *Flying Cloud* to Governor's Island. After an hour's hard work clearing the turns of our chain from the mooring, the tug gave us her line at 12.35 P.M. At 2.40 we cleared Hell Gate, moving slowly against the hard flood tide. At 4 P.M. the tug dropped us off the Statue of Liberty and we made sail, setting single reefed mainsail, forestaysail and jib. Wind, S.W., 10 miles.

While we were beating down the harbor we rigged the life lines. The bight of a new one-and-three-quarters-inch line was put over the end of the bowsprit with a clove hitch and each of the two parts carried right aft. These lines were seized to the rigging on port and starboard sides at the height of about four feet. They were also seized to the davits and made fast to the corners of the permanent crutch on the after deck. From these lines lighter ones were carried down to the deck thus forming a net four feet high from bow to stern on both sides of the deck. With the deck enclosed in this manner it became almost impossible for a man to fall overboard.

At 6.35 we entered Ambrose Channel, worked down between the two rows of light buoys, red and white, left the Channel at 7.22 and stood out for the lightship. At 7.37 we had the Ambrose fairway light and whistling buoy close aboard. Here the log was streamed and departure taken, course S.E. half E., wind S.S.W., velocity 10 miles. I hear you ask, "Why S.E. half E. when Nassau is west of New York and west of Hatteras?"

This course off shore was decided on in the face of conflicting advice. We had been told to stick to the beach, "dip our lights" down to Hatteras, and then if everything looked good to cross the Stream. If we kept hold of the beach, we were told, we would smooth our water. But if we took this advice and followed the beach we would not want to be nearer the land than ten or fifteen miles, and a gale would make the shoaler water more uncomfortable than the same wind off soundings. Then, too, the proximity of the land is always a source of anxiety. Besides that, the traffic north and south, of all kinds and lots of it, along the beach is a hazard not to be incurred if it can be avoided. Furthermore, we sought the comfort of warm weather. We wanted to shed the ulsters, sweaters and mittens just as soon as we could do so. Therefore we made the course Southeast half E. and in about 40 hours we were in warm water and far enough off shore to escape the cold winds off the cold land. We were out of the traffic, our nearest land was too far away to be called a lee shore at any time, and the seas were long and easy.

On taking our departure from Ambrose, Kelly and Atwater volunteered to take the midwatch and the afternoon watch, both 12 to 4. For convenience in getting morning and evening stars Wolfe took the morning watch and the dog watches 4 to 8. With him was Richards. I took the first and forenoon watches, 8 to 12, and had the cook with me. With six men and three watches we had four hours on and eight off, the ideal arrangement on a long passage.

By 11.30 P.M. the wind had freshened to 15 or 18 miles. Having resolved on comfort we stowed the mainsail, put the boom in the crutch and set the No. 1 trysail. The area of the mainsail is 1,129 sq. ft., that of the No. 1 trysail 400 sq. ft., as before stated. The air was cold; sweaters, oilskins, ulsters and mittens were worn by the watch on deck. From midnight Monday until morning the wind was part of the time west and part S.W., cloudy. Entries in the deck log of this midwatch show these comments in the column of remarks: "Colder," "darker," "hopefuller." By 6 A.M. Tuesday the wind had dropped to 8 miles. Did we set the mainsail? We did not. We were too comfortable. In fact, we did not reset the mainsail until 9.30 A.M. Monday, November 2nd, six days later.

At noon of the 27th we had logged, according to the splendid little Negus log, 120.5 miles, speed 5.5 knots. Our position was 85 miles east and 10 miles north of Atlantic City. The wind at noon hauled to west and increased to 15 miles. We altered our course to south. Between noon and 8 P.M. *Flying Cloud* averaged 7.5 knots. She had made, in 24 hours, 180 miles from Ambrose. This position was by observation. The velocity of the wind held between 15 and 20 miles, but hauled to N.W. by N. The course was altered to S.W. at 9 P.M. and at 10 o'clock to S.W. by W. Meanwhile the sky was overcast.

A strange sight greeted us this first morning out. We observed sitting on deck a nude figure with the canvas draw bucket over his head. He had just poured a bucket of cold sea water over himself. He continued to repeat this many times while a 20-knot wind from the Northwest added zest to the sport. It was Atwater. Connecticut Yankees are indeed a hardy lot.

From Ambrose we had had a long, easy sea of some size but causing the *Flying Cloud* no trouble. At 12.30 A.M. of the 28th the wind had dropped to 10 miles. At 3 A.M. we found the temperature of the water to be 70°, wind east course S. From 9.30 A.M. until noon it rained. We were in the Gulf Stream. At 8 A.M. the D.R. placed us 180 miles east of Cape Charles and 250 miles from Ambrose. An hour later the wind was S.E. blowing 20 miles, course S.S.W. At 1 P.M. the velocity of the wind was 25 miles, from the south. The sea made up gradually, but was long and easy. We took in the jib and stowed the No. 1 trysail, ship headed east, then hove her to under the forestaysail. She lay nicely, but lacked sail to hold her. She needed more canvas or more wind. *Flying Cloud's* sails were all new, but night was coming on and the wind was increasing. In my judgment the canvas in the forestaysail was not of sufficient weight to depend on. So the No. 2 trysail was set and the forestaysail stowed. She was hove to with the wheel in the becket, helm hard down. The No. 2 trysail is very small. The area of but 150 sq. ft. makes it just the sail for use in a gale of wind and a big sea if one wants comfort. This sail saved us off Cape Cod in the hurricane of August 26, 1924.

Flying Cloud is an able packet, 58 feet long on top.

At 8 P.M. we had a rain squall, the wind hauled to S.W., and at 8.30 was west and increased in force to at least 30 miles. At midnight the wind was N.W. She was put on her course S. and logged 7.5 miles the next hour under the small trysail only. She had been hove to 12 hours. At 1 A.M. Thursday, October 29th, the moon appeared. At 5 A.M. the forestaysail was set and the course was altered to S. by W. At noon the No. 2 trysail was exchanged for the larger No. 1 trysail. The course was then altered to S.W. This course was held until 9. P.M. wind N. W., velocity 15 miles.

Meanwhile, since taking our departure from Ambrose, we had had some spray and some slop on the decks but no suggestion of solid water. There was considerable motion at times, but berths were occupied on the windward as well as the leeward side. On the windward side we pulled the mattresses out over the edge of the berths. These made all the leeboards required. At least no one fell out, and how they did sleep when they had a watch below! The cook was an old timer. A real sea cook. Had been at it ten years. But he was seasick and was almost a total loss the first three days. We kept the Shipmate going and no one lacked grub when he wanted it. The Ford charcoal briquettes are a perfect fuel, as I said before. I emphatically recommend them for a Shipmate stove. No sailor who values his own life or that of his crew will go to sea with any oil stove yet devised. I believe a safe one can be built, but it has not yet been done.

Thursday the 29th, at 3 P.M., it gave us something of a thrill, after two days and 19 hours, to sight a ship. She was the tanker *Adice*, bound north. At 6 P.M. the wind was north 15 miles, and our course S.W. by W. At 9.30 the wind was N.E. 15 miles, our course south. After entering the Gulf Stream and until the end of the passage it was necessary to constantly watch the taffrail log lest the sea weed cause it to foul. There are numerous entries in the deck log, "Weed on log" and "Allow for weed on log."

A course south, with the wind from N.E. to E. was held until noon, Friday, October 30th. We then had been at sea three days and sixteen hours. Lat., 34-08; Long., 72-22, 180 miles east southeast of Hatteras. We had sailed 495 miles. Roughly half our distance had been made. But we were about five degrees to the east of our objective, namely, Abaco Lighthouse, often spoken of as Hole-in-the-Wall. This light is in Long. 77-10-45. So we began to get some westing into our courses.

From noon Friday, October 30th, until 8 P.M. the course was S.W. by S. Then the wind worked around to S.E. and our course became S.W. At. 10 P.M. the wind was S.W. our course S. From 2 P.M. to 5 this day we had a heavy downpour of rain with a couple of squalls of no great violence. On Saturday morning, October 31st, at 1.30 in Kelly and Atwater's watch, the wind that had been S.S.W. dropped out and puffs began to come from the north. They took in the trysail, and none too soon. At once the wind came from the north and then N.N.W. with the true force of a real gale. For six hours *Flying Cloud* ran under forestaysail only and made 33 miles. There is no entry in the deck log at 2 A.M. Betwen 2.20 and 3.35 she made 9.2 miles. During the next half hour 4 miles. Estimates of the velocity of the wind varied from 55 to 75 miles for the first hour and a half.

The seas after the first hour were awe-inspiring. They certainly did chase the *Flying Cloud*, but somehow she was always on top and fooled them all. I think we got the big thrill of the cruise during two or three hours of this glorious blow. This day we sighted three northbound steamers as we were in the track of the West Indies steamers.

The thrill that one can experience only at sea came at 5 P.M. when we sighted a handsome white steamer about five miles northwest of us. Of course our first guess was that she was one of the "White Fleet" of the United Fruit Company, and so she proved to be. The light was fast falling at that hour, but we hoisted *Flying Cloud's* letters, L.B.T.W., hoping they might be read from the steamer's bridge and that she would report us in New York. Very soon, however, we observed that the steamer had altered her course and was headed for us. When she had approached within a short distance of our port quarter, an officer hailed us asking for the name of the yacht, where from, where bound, and if any thing was wanted. We replied to his questions and then said, "All's well," and asked to be reported to the *New York Herald*. Then as the sun was setting her lights were turned on and she swung off to get back on her course and disappeared as night shut in. The experience was quite exciting. We appreciated the kindness of the captain of the United Fruiter *San Pedro*. We afterwards wrote to

(*Continued on page 78*)

Some Thoughts on Measurement Rules

A Comparison of the Universal and the International Rules

By CLINTON H. CRANE

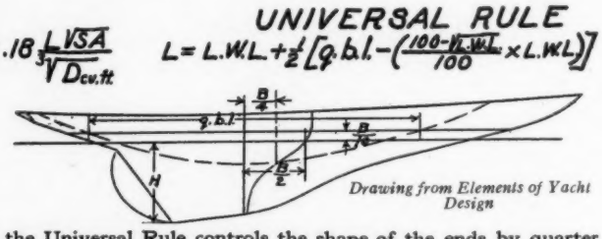
SINCE my return from Great Britain last September I have been asked by so many yachtsmen which rule I like better, our rule or the International Rule, that I am attempting here as brief an answer to that question as I can make with any clarity.

In the first place, the thing that strikes me most forcibly about both rules is that they are good rules. They are the result of many years' experience in measurement rule making and the effects of various formulae, both in Europe and the United States. A measurement rule is primarily a speed formula. If it were perfect, any two boats measuring the same would have the same speed and two boats not measuring the same could be related to each other by a proper time allowance scale.

Very early it became apparent that large boats sail faster than small boats, if of similar design and proportionate sail spread, and the attempt of the early rule makers was to measure as simply as possible the elements of size, leaving as free as possible the element of shape, with the idea that racing would serve the useful purpose of finding out what was the fastest model. All the earlier rules developed measurement-cheating qualities alongside of genuine speed qualities. This tendency should have been recognized sooner than it was, for it was well known by naval architects over 50 years ago that the power required to drive a ship at a certain speed could not be assessed by any mathematical calculation alone. It could only be deduced from observations obtained from similar ships or models. For, although the frictional resistance of the water passing the sides of a vessel can be readily estimated from known constants, the residuary resistance, arising in the main from the creation of waves by the passing of the vessel's hull through the water, can only be accurately determined by experiment on a similar model at a corresponding speed. This not being a treatise on naval architecture, there is no need of stressing the point, but a table showing the frictional resistance and residuary and total resistance of a boat of about the same length and displacement of one of our larger Class R boats may be of interest as illustrating the impossibility of any simple formula by itself fulfilling the necessary requirements of a measurement rule:

Speed $\times\sqrt{LWL}$	*Speed Knots*	*Skin*	*Wave*	*Total*
.78	4	32.8	8.65	41.45
1.16	6	69.4	64.00	133.4
1.35	7	92.4	257.	349.4
1.55	8	118.1	675.	793.1

These figures were deduced from a model run in the Washington tank by the writer in 1909 when studying the design of a Q-boat under the Universal Rule. The model in question displaced 184 pounds — by no means a toy. I would call attention to the orderly and moderate increase in skin friction and the extraordinary and rapid increase in wave resistance, particularly from six knots on.


UNIVERSAL RULE
$R = .18\frac{L\sqrt{SA}}{\sqrt{D_{cu.ft}}}$
$L = L.WL + \frac{1}{2}[q.b.l. - (\frac{100 - \%\ L.WL}{100} \times L.WL)]$
q.b.l.
H
Drawing from Elements of Yacht Design

How the Universal Rule controls the shape of the ends by quarter beam measurement. The line q.b.l. shows how this is measured.

Both existing rules are comprised of a rather simple formula and a number of limits outside the main formula which are more important than the formula itself. I will discuss these outside limits first, noting wherein they are alike and wherein they differ.

The draft limit and the displacement limit are virtually the same in the two rules; as a matter of fact, the Universal Rule allows one inch greater draft than the International Rule, probably owing to the fact that the International Rule was originally drawn under the metric system and then translated. The displacement, although expressed a little differently, is really the same in both rules. The formula which relates displacement to waterline length is identical. The penalty for a displacement less than the required amount is much more severe in the International than in the Universal Rule, but the penalty in the Universal Rule is sufficiently severe so that no successful boat has been built recently with a displacement less than the amount derived from the displacement formula.

Both rules have a limit on height of sail plan. The International Rule bases this limit on the waterline length and the Universal on the square root of the sail area. This difference acts as a check on another feature of the International Rule which I will discuss a little further on in this article.

Both rules control the shape of the hull and recognize in a different way the necessity of some measure other than waterline length if unduly long and full ends are to be avoided. In the Universal Rule this shape limit is handled by a device known as the quarter-beam length. It does not appear in the main formula unless the quarter-beam length exceeds a certain percentage of the waterline length, this percentage varying with the size of the hull; in other words, this limit only acts if the hull is fuller than a certain normal standard. I would say that in practice most of our designers do not feel that a gain from accepting quarter-beam penalty is commensurate with the loss of sail which it involves. In the International Rule the controlled shape of ends is obtained by comparing the girth of certain sections with their depth. There is no standard of fullness up to which one may go without penalty, but everything beyond a plumb stem and plumb stern double-ender is taxed.

Besides this control of the shape of overhang the International has two measurements intended to control the shape of midship section and the depth of keel which have been incorporated in the present International Rule as an inheritance from their previous rule, which had no displacement factor. I believe these two items, namely, the quarter girth and the girth difference taken at the midship section, are not having any material effect on the form of the more recent boats, and I know there is some sentiment that they could be safely omitted. The International Rule has two other limits which do not appear in the Universal Rule — a freeboard factor and a tumble home factor. Freeboard appears in the International as a negative element, so that by increasing freeboard any of

the other elements in the design may be increased. This increased freeboard has usually been used to increase sail. I should say, so far, that this premium on freeboard has produced no bad results, but the same purpose would doubtless be equally well accomplished by a limiting formula requiring a minimum freeboard based on length. Nothing has developed in this country to make a tumble home factor necessary. With a large premium on freeboard, it might easily become so.

To return to the formulae themselves, the most noticeable difference in effect is in regard to variation in sail area. For a given class there is practically no variation in sail area under the Universal Rule. For instance, increasing size from 22 feet to 27 feet waterline in the R Class the sail is only decreased from 612 to 590 feet. If one should increase a Six-Meter boat from 20 feet waterline to 25 feet, the sail would be decreased from, say, 550 to 300 feet, but the 20-foot boat could only use a 40-foot mast, while the 25-foot boat could use a 50-foot mast, and as height, particularly in light to moderate weather, is of much greater value than width, the shorter waterline boat is doubly penalized. In the examples above it is assumed, in both cases, that the boats are proportionately lengthened without alteration of shape so that the influence of penalty factors due to shape is not felt. Practical experience in designing has shown that the loss of height in sail plan is so prejudicial that it is not offset by adequate gain from increased sail area when an attempt is made to design a light weather boat by simply reducing dimensions with the intention of increasing sail area. Resort has been had to a reducing of the penalty factors on the shape of overhang, thereby increasing sail and at the same time retaining an adequate height. These combined features of the International Rule, the limiting of height of sail plan as a function of waterline length and the putting a premium on fineness of shape, even to a plumb stem and plumb stern type, give a much greater freedom as to form than is found in the Universal Rule.

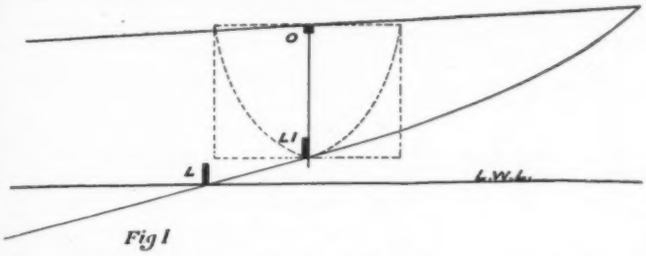


Fig I

Of course, neither rule, nor any rule, gives, or can give, complete freedom. Under any rule a given location with its usual conditions of wind and weather will produce a type of maximum speed for that locality under a particular rule, and it will not produce the same dimensions, and not necessarily the same type, in another locality of different wind and weather conditions. The chances are much greater, in fact, almost certain, that the Universal Rule would produce a similar type under varying weather conditions, although a different size. I think it is quite clear, and experience in the Six-Meter Class would seem to bear out the statement, that there would be very much more variation in type under the International Rule. The light weather prevailing along the Altantic seaboard seems to foster a boat of the type of *Lea*, and racing in the Six-Meter Class seems to indicate the probable success of an even longer, finer-ended form with a higher mast and more sail.

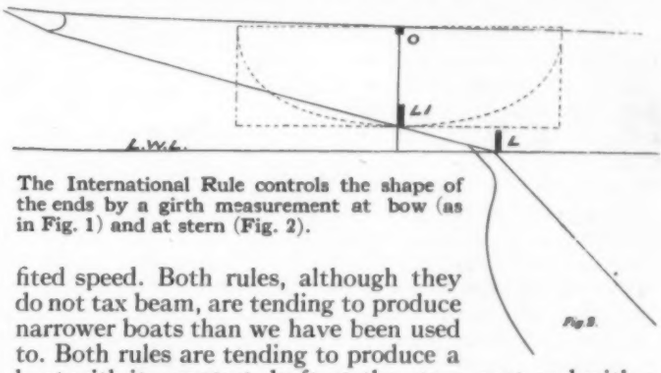
In England, on the other hand, the rule has developed quite a different type against which the finer-ended type has only found an occasional day when it could succeed.

It would seem to me that this development of a different type in different localities offers serious food for thought. For a boat cannot change its home and race successfully if its type is not suited to the old and new homes.

If the type remains unchanged and the size alone changes, then a heavy weather boat can be changed to a light weather boat by adding sail, and vice versa; and where it is known that the prevailing weather conditions vary, class limits could be so arranged that the hulls remain the same and only the sail plans need be altered.

There are certain other minor effects of the method of controlling shape, and it might be worth while commenting on them. The flare of side in the overhang is very definitely controlled under the International Rule. Under the Universal Rule, above the point at which the quarter beam length is taken there is practically no control of flare. The International Rule requires that there shall be no hollows in the surface of the hull above the waterline, with the minor exception where the stern fairs into the keel. The Universal Rule permits hollows, but controls their extent.

Reverse curves have been used by some designers under the Universal Rule to a deforming extent, but it is yet to be proven that such designs have in any way benefited speed. Both rules, although they do not tax beam, are tending to produce narrower boats than we have been used to. Both rules are tending to produce a boat with its greatest draft at the stern post and with a keel contour approaching a triangle in shape. Most owners are satisfied with the boats produced under both rules, although there is some feeling that a freeboard factor should be introduced into the Universal Rule. All are agreed that scantling restrictions are advisable and these are contained for the smaller classes at the present time in both rules.



The International Rule controls the shape of the ends by a girth measurement at bow (as in Fig. 1) and at stern (Fig. 2).

We all realize that only by intensive competition can the weak points of a measurement rule be found. Curiously enough, it is only since the war that intensive competition in design under the Universal Rule has taken place, but the racing in the R Class, with competition by all our leading designers, including some foreign designers, is testing the rule very thoroughly.

It is well to draw attention to the fact, that with a rule which requires a similar displacement based on waterline length for all sizes, deductions from results in the smaller classes may be made with some confidence in the design of larger yachts. The so-called law of comparison which enables us to predict the performance of a battleship from a model towed in a testing tank lends itself equally well to the analysis of results in sailing vessels. It would be a sure guide if the wind increased with the increase in size so that a boat four times the length would sail in a wind of twice the strength. As this is not so, it is the light weather performance of the small vessel which is most significant in predicting the action of the larger vessel.

We have had considerable experience with the International Rule in the Six-Meter Class in the United States and Great Britain. It is a pity that our experience with the Universal Rule is confined to racing in this country.

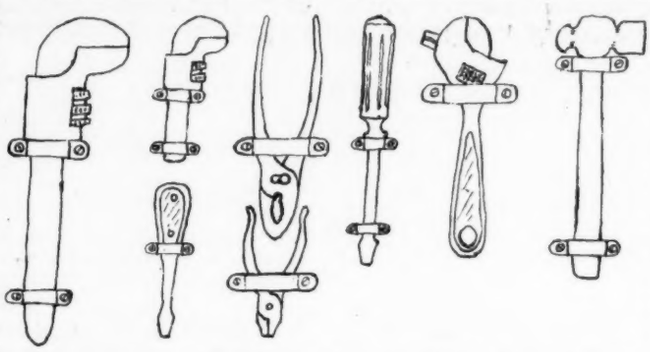
Engine Room Tools and Equipment

What is Needed on the Average Small Power Boat and How it Should be Carried

By S. S. Pierce

"WHAT tools shall I have aboard, and where shall I put them?" is a question frequently asked, and is about as easy to answer as, "What kind of a girl shall I marry?" Some people seem to carry a whole machine shop aboard, to be perpetually tinkering with the engine, and to get surprisingly unsatisfactory results. Others put to sea with a pair of pliers, a screw-driver and a roll of sticky tape, never to know what engine trouble is. But, not always! Obviously there must be a happy medium between these two.

Generally speaking, the tools which should be aboard are those required to dismount and clean such parts as are subject to failure through dirt and corrosion, or leaks, which may occur during the season, and not those needed for extensive repairs and overhauling, which should be done ashore during the winter. It is assumed that a good engine, put in proper shape when the craft goes into commission in the spring, will not require valves to be ground, carbon removed, or any serious overhauling to keep it running through the summer, and as a rule it will, if everything is kept properly cleaned and lubricated. As to adjustments, many years of experience have taught that when a gas engine is once running properly it is best not meddled with it; the longer you leave it alone the longer it will run.



Carry your tools on a bulkhead as shown in this drawing so that they will be handy in an emergency.

The following list of tools has been prepared as a guide to the average man with the average motor cruiser:

1 pair small flat-nosed side-cutting pliers.
1 pair largest size "automobile" or "gas" pliers.
1 large screw-driver.
1 small screw-driver.
1 small ball-peine hammer.
1 complete set socket wrenches with universal handle.
1 large flat monkey wrench.
1 very small flat monkey wrench (bicycle type).
1 medium sized adjustable end wrench.
3 very thin small flat files.
1 squirt gun.
1 small tin funnel.
1 tin dish about 2" deep and about 8" diameter.
2 wire bristle spark-plug brushes.
1 dozen sheets medium emery paper.
1 dozen sheets finest emery paper.
1 copper squirt can (for gasoline).
1 brass squirt can (for kerosene).
1 tin squirt can (for lubricating oil).
1 can "nut loosener."
2 rolls friction tape.
1 set extra spark plugs.
1 extra carburetor float.
5 lbs. waste.
5 lbs. clean rags.
1 roll pump stuffing box packing.
1 roll shaft stuffing box packing.
1 box assorted cotter pins.
1 box assorted washers.
1 spool fine steel wire.
1 coarse paint brush (for cleaning).
An assortment of rubber hose (of sizes and lengths as found on particular installation).
1 extra set hose clamps.
1 pocket ammeter.
2 quart bottles distilled water.
1 battery syringe.
1 tin white lead.
1 can shellac and brush for same.

Of course some of the items in the above list are furnished by the engine maker. A special socket wrench for removing spark plugs is almost invariably included and should not be duplicated. It will be noticed that no Stillson wrenches or soldering equipment are mentioned. Any broken or leaky piping, whether water, gasoline, or oil, had best be patched up with rubber hose and tape till the nearest port is reached, as the average motor boat would be swamped by the tools and gear required to make such repairs properly, and as to soldering, we are assuming that in such a boat there will not be sufficient current available for an electric soldering iron, and of course the fire hazard of a soldering torch of any kind in the engine room of a small boat is too horrible to think of.

Most engine rooms are provided with a low transom on each side. Under these we may stow rags, waste, spare parts, and tools and materials infrequently needed. On top of one of them it would be well to build four bins (moulding will do) in which to keep the three squirt cans of oil, gasoline, and kerosene, as well as a tin of cup grease so that they will be in plain sight, immediately available, and yet cannot upset or slide about. The adjustable wrenches, pliers, screw-drivers, and hammer should also be in plain sight and instantly available. This may be done by placing them on the bulkhead in metal straps as shown in sketch. The easiest way to make the straps is to buy galvanized iron pipe fasteners of various sizes (ship chandlers, plumbers, and most hardware stores) bend them to suit, and fasten to bulkhead with short round-headed screws.

Kerosene and lubricating oil, always a vexing problem, should be carried in small tanks slung from the carlines and fitted with outside filling caps (like gasoline tanks) and taps or faucets for drawing off. (Make sure the latter do not leak.)

A work bench is a doubtful blessing, and usually takes up too much room, but a portable vise is well worth having and should have some firm place to which it may be clamped in the cockpit, or on deck, as well as in the engine room.

The foregoing is, of course, merely an average suggestion. Power plants vary, and each particular installation should be studied for the particular tools required, but knowing the requirements, knowing just what to expect, we may plan our tools and equipment fairly accurately. Bear in mind that spark plugs must be frequently cleaned, requiring a socket wrench to remove them from the cylinder heads, a pan of kerosene to soak them in, a brush and emery paper for cleaning. Electrical contacts and connections need occasional cleaning, requiring emery

(Continued on page 80)

Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, where *Dorothy A* was built.

The Building of the *Dorothy A*

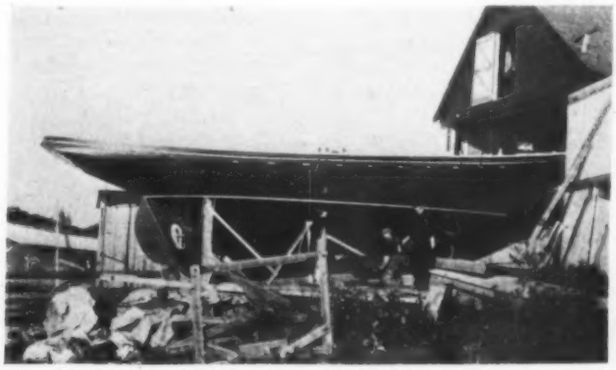
By Frederic Jay Wells

THE problem of getting a boat to meet with one's hopes and ideals is a perplexing one. The cost of second-hand boats is bad enough when one considers the actual value of the boat, but the cost of a new one is even more so. If you have the sea fever you cannot be without some sort of a boat. This was my predicament after the wreck of the Norwegian double ended ketch *Shanghai* in August, 1924.

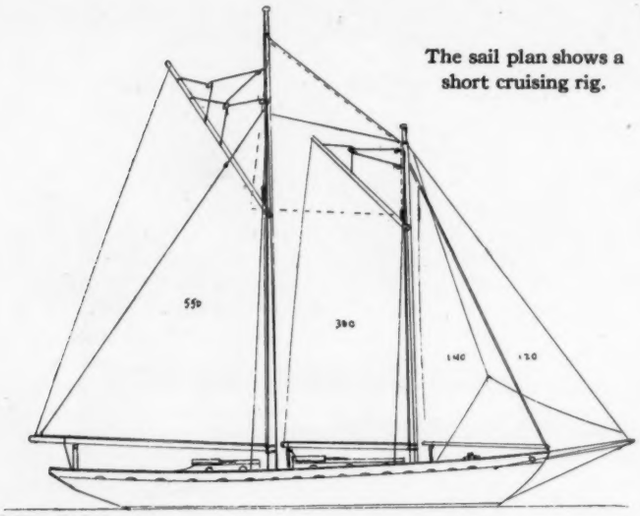
Last winter I made plans and inquiry for a suitable craft. Briefly, my requirements were as follows: an able seaworthy craft, easily handled and capable of fair speed; one that would be comfortable for four to live on, and live comfortably. Good beam, deck room, headroom, and freeboard were essential. The good ship *Shanghai* excelled in seaworthiness and ability to take punishment. She was the kind of boat in which to go around the world, to go into the Arctic regions, or to negotiate the Northwest passage. Her disadvantages were that she was not fast in light winds and that she was not an easy boat to handle. Her mainmast was a 12-inch spar, and the boom and gaff were correspondingly heavy. In order to make sail or reef in a breeze it required three to do it at all well.

Another feature that I wished was that the boat should be plainly finished inside and out, no bright work anywhere. To some this seems plebeian, but for a small boat which is going to be used off the coast and not in bays and sounds at anchor five days out of seven, varnish work is a great nuisance, and at times it appears gloomy and unattractive. Imagine yourself in a mahogany paneled stateroom on a 50-foot schooner in the Bay of Fundy during a squall; or as I saw the ill-fated *Leiv Eiriksson* when she arrived in Reykjavik, Iceland, after five days at sea, with most of the varnish turning grey and white inside the boat as well as outside. Of course, there is the heavy thick varnish used on steamers which seems to stand for a time, but it always has to be scraped off with great labor and done over again.

With these requirements in mind I took a trip to Nova Scotia to see if I could locate a builder to build my boat. An old yachting friend had advised me to go



Dorothy A coming out of the shop.
Left.— On her maiden voyage. Deck view of *Dorothy A*—right.



The sail plan shows a short cruising rig.

there, knowing that they built good boats at a reasonable figure. Many yachtsmen have the idea that you get a poor job and in the end you pay more. This was not my experience.

On my arrival in Halifax I learned from several fishermen that most of the little fishing schooners were built at Tancook, an island in Mahone Bay about 45 miles west of Halifax. The two builders there were Alvin Stevens and Reuben Heisler. Mr. Heisler had, however, moved in to the mainland at Chester. It was there that I met him. I was impressed with his great practical knowledge of boats and boat building, and with his artistic sense of proportion. This to me is a great virtue, because the designs for small boats today submitted by some naval architects seem, in general, an attempt to get in as much as possible on a given sized boat, regardless of the looks of the boat and the practicability of the design. Of course the architect is not always to blame, because the client wishes the largest boat for a given length. His reason is, of course, to keep the cost down as much as possible. Such boats are frequently a source of disappointment to the owner who hopes to find his ideal.

Mr. Heisler, besides being a boat builder for 25 years, had been at sea for some time during his youth. He had, therefore, a great deal of practical experience in handling boats, and was always alert for new ideas and new methods. He built the first small fishing schooner in Nova Scotia with a knockabout bow about 23 years ago. Today she is still in use and is a good boat.

In general, the type of boat Mr. Heisler builds is not unlike John Alden's *Malabars*. However, they have narrower transoms and more overhang than the smaller *Malabars*. This was the type of boat I was looking for, and two pleasant days with Mr. Heisler convinced me that here was the man to build my boat.

On my last day in Chester I motored out to a small fishing harbor on the coast to see a schooner which Mr. Heisler had built about three years ago. She was 48′ o.a., 34′ w.l., 12′ beam and 6′ draft, a very able and smart looking craft. She is known as one of the fastest boats on the coast. Of course she was only a fishing craft, and had no accommodations to speak of. The boat was steered by a tiller and equipped with a notch board. The rig was of fair size, the sail area being about 1,100 sq. ft. There were two headsails and fisherman staysail, but no topsail. With a fair breeze this boat has made 45 miles in 5 hours which is good speed for a fishing craft.

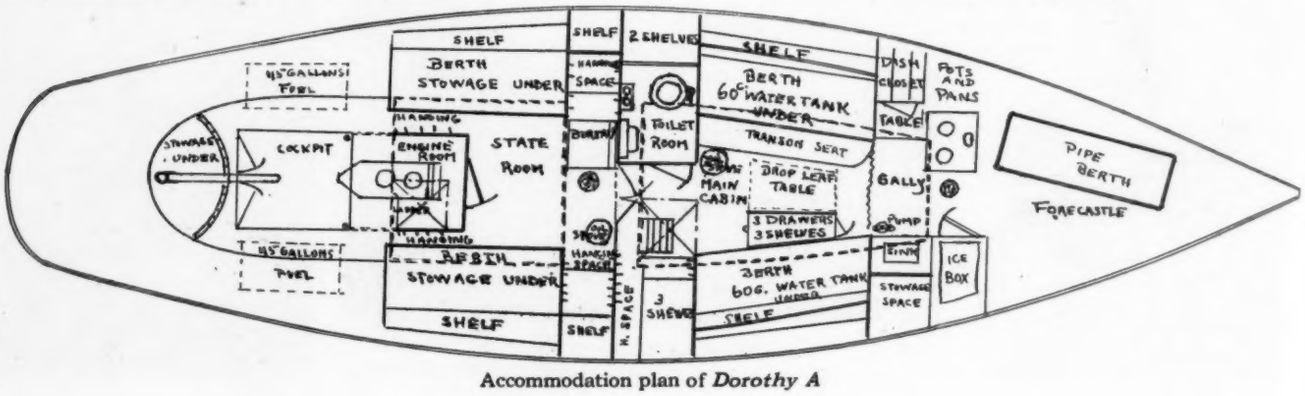
I decided to have Mr. Heisler build me a craft similar to this schooner, but with a little more depth and breadth. She was to be 45 ft. over all, 32½′ water line, 12′ 6″ beam and 6′ 6″ draft. Other requirements were that she should have a lead keel of 3 tons, and 4½ tons of inside ballast in the form of pig iron and grate iron. The planking was to be of pitch pine 1⅛″ thick. Keel, stem, and stern post of beech 6½″ thick, and the timbers of oak 1¼″ by 2½″, spaced 8″ center to center. The reason for the small size of the timbers was that it was hard to bend larger ones, and by spacing small timbers closer together Heisler found that he could make a stronger job. The lead and wooden keels were bolted through to grown hooks or floors of spruce. The clamp 7″ by 2″ was of spruce, as were the bilge stringers. The deck beams were very heavy, the main beams being 3½″ by 5″. Inside, the entire hull was sheathed with ⅝″ spruce 4″ wide. This made a very stiff hull. Heisler always believed in a medium weight hull well fastened, rather than a heavy boat poorly fastened.

The interior arrangement, seen in the accompanying plan, shows two trunks with two separate cabins, each cabin having two berths. The toilet room was between the two cabins. The galley was not large, but was left open to the main cabin, thereby giving more room and ventilation. The forecastle had ample room for two paid hands. The forward trunk was equipped with seven 6″ port lights and the after house had six. The separate engine room was very satisfactory. Although it was small and cut off some of the room from the after cabin, it was very practical and had 6′ 7″ head room, which is rather unusual in such a small craft. The self-bailing cockpit was small and deep.

Mr. Heisler's shop, situated at the back harbor of Chester, was a fitting place for the building of the *Dorothy A*. I doubt if one could find a more picturesque little cove on the Atlantic coast. The shop is on the slope of a hill, half hidden by a group of sturdy spruce trees, while on the further shore are other boat shops half hidden by evergreens.

In August, I again visited Chester, and found the schooner planked and timbered. Everyone admired the husky proportions of the craft, but some thought she

(*Continued on page 88*)



Accommodation plan of *Dorothy A*

The Advantages of the Ketch Rig for Cruising

A Veteran Blue Water Sailor Tells Why He Has Deserted Sloops, Yawls and Schooners for the Ketch

By GORDON C. PRINCE

MY sailing has been confined to sloops, schooners, one yawl and, last year, for the first time, to a ketch. To my mind there is nothing like the latter when once the ship has grown too big to be comfortably handled as a cutter. I have had the privilege of crossing the Atlantic on one schooner and making the trip to Bermuda and back on another, a much smaller one that might be called a single-hander. I must say I can see no advantage in the schooner rig, save that one can hang up innumerable light sails. This is all very well if one has a large crew to keep amused, but for short-handed work there is nothing to it, as there is always plenty to do to keep off the ennui, anyway.

Running, and reaching particularly, the schooner is undoubtedly faster because of her spread of light canvas, but I am told that Herreshoff is claimed to have said a ketch was faster to windward. At any rate, a smaller crew can handle a bigger ketch than any other rig, and thus being able to cope with a bigger boat means more speed and more comfort below and on deck. But the real superiority of the ketch over the schooner comes in the steadiness on the helm, which is a Godsend if there are few hands to stand a trick at the wheel.

On my ocean trips in schooners, it required someone constantly at the helm whenever the wind was abaft the beam, as the foresail and headsails have relatively little drive compared to the mainsail. The center of effort of a schooner's mainsail always comes well aft of the center of lateral resistance, which, mind you, moves forward as the speed increases. The *Lloyd W. Berry* could never be left alone when running with the mainsail up, but after we had been forced to take it in and set the trysail she steered herself once for seventeen minutes while running across the Gulf Stream in a gale, although it was really pretty rough and occasionally "they were coming over the counter green." We were logging about 8½ knots all the time.

Last year I found the steering qualities of my ketch *Anna A* a revelation. Her hull was one of John Alden's *Malabars*, and the sail area about the same as he put on his earlier schooners. In designing the sail plan I moved the center of effort about a foot and a quarter forward of where it was placed in the schooners, and I am convinced that with the ketch rig this actually works out more yet, as the back wind from the big mainsail must reduce the drive of the mizzen considerably. I should think a Marconi mizzen would about make up for this backwind and be an efficient combination with a gaff mainsail, the only difficulty being to stay the taller mizzen mast forward without having a stay to the main-masthead. Mr. Hanna has, to my mind, designed some beautifully proportioned ketch rigs in his improved *Spray* and the little *Gulfweed*.

I remember well my wife and I pulling out of Atlantic City on the morning of June 25, 1924 (although the papers said northwest storm warnings were up), and shaping our course from the whistler off Brigantine across for Block Island, 180 miles away. All day long the *Anna A* carried a freshening southwest breeze with a rising sea and falling glass, and made grand time.

At 2.00 P.M. steering became pretty difficult, so we tied up the mizzen and at once the ketch became her tractable self and answered her helm beautifully with no violent yawing about. Under similar conditions on a *Malabar* schooner it would have been necessary to double reef the mainsail at least, a much more laborious task for so small a crew. By 6.00 P.M. the glass had dropped to 29.76. (It was 29.92 in the morning.) Ominous clouds were piling up in the northwest, with all the earmarks of a very severe squall. Accordingly, life lines were rigged, ports screwed up, oilskins donned and the mainsail securely stowed. Much rain accompanied the wind which seemed to drive down the sea somewhat. As the vessel jogged along comfortably under jib on a north-northeasterly course, we retired below and cooked supper, someone taking an occasional peek on deck for other craft.

By 8.30 P.M. the wind had entirely died down and the glass had risen to 29.84, though there was still a heavy slop and the sky was black as ink. Then the breeze commenced again from the northwest with steadily increasing force and we set the mizzen and laid a course for Long Island, about 35 miles off. Finding that the vessel would hold her course (which was about 6 points from the wind) perfectly without even lashing the wheel, we decided not to set the double reefed mainsail which she could have carried if pressed. From 9.30 P.M. until 3.20 A.M., when Fire Island Light bore W.N.W., nobody touched the wheel and we logged 29 miles. There was nothing to do but sit on the cockpit floor, well protected from the wind and spray which drove incessantly across the deck and cabin house, smoke and enjoy the night, with an occasional trip below for hot coffee from the Shipmate, and an extra plate of beans. Needless to say, it was impossible to keep the sidelights going, and had it not been necessary to keep a lookout for shipping, I might just as well have been below, in my bunk, for all I had to do. At 5.00 A.M. I set a single reefed mainsail and the day broke fine. We anchored that evening at 7.30 P.M. in the small fishing harbor of Block Island without feeling the least effects from the preceding night.

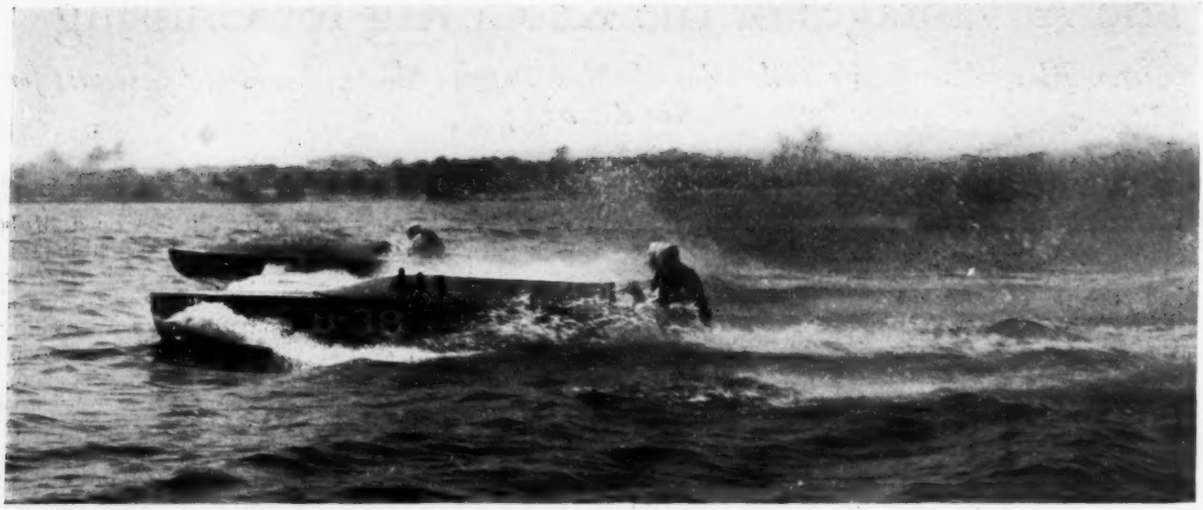
Our most "gala" performance at self-steering, however, came a few days later after we had left Nantucket one morning, and finally on the afternoon of the second day picked up Thatchers Twin lights, Cape Ann, after spending a quiet night becalmed in Massachusetts Bay with nothing up but the jigger and a large fisherman's riding light. As the afternoon wore on we got a steady southwest breeze and headed "Down East." The log reads as follows:

"4.20 P.M. Running wing and wing ⅛ mile E.S.E of automatic buoy off Thatchers. Log reads 61½ or 41½ miles from Highland Light. Vessel steering N.E. by N.½N. which will take us two miles outside Boon Island Ledge. Except to jibe mainsail and set her on this course about an hour and a half ago, we have not steered today.

"7.20 P.M. Log 76½, still steering herself wing and wing, conditions unchanged, sky overcast, wind about S.W. slightly less, and a little more sea and roll. Isle of Shoals is visible abeam, glass 30.10.

"8.20 P.M. Log 81, wing and wing, steering herself N.E. by N. A large white pole masted schooner yacht has just passed us headed for Isle of Shoals, on the wind under trysail and power. Hope she isn't expecting a blow and is right. Glass steady and wind unchanged although sky

(*Continued on page 95*)



The 151-class in action at Palm Beach. One gets plenty of thrills racing one of these little 18-footers.

Palm Beach Starts the Racing Season

Many Fliers from All Parts of the Country Compete Over the Lake Worth Course

By J. A. Hillis

ONE world's speedboat record was shattered and a number of other high-water marks set at the fourth annual regatta of the Palm Beach Yacht Club, held over the club course at Lake Worth, February 20th, 21st, and 22nd, with entries including practically every type of speed craft, from canoe to express cruiser.

The events which attracted the most attention throughout the meet were the various heats of the 151-hydroplane class, held under the rules of the Mississippi Valley Powerboat Association. *Smiling Dan III*, owned by Richard Loynes of Long Beach, Calif., turned out the winner, rather easily. In spite of the fact that Loynes' boat did not arrive at Palm Beach from California until 30 minutes after the first heat had been run, she took the lead early in the ensuing races. Her success won for her owner the Royal Poinciana Trophy and the Elgin cup. The latter trophy goes each year to the boat making the fastest time in competition at the Palm Beach regatta. In a race against time, following the competitive heats, the *Smiling Dan III* set an unofficial world's record of 40:45 m.p.h. for the mile straightaway. In the last heat against other boats of the class, she broke the world's official record for five miles in the class.

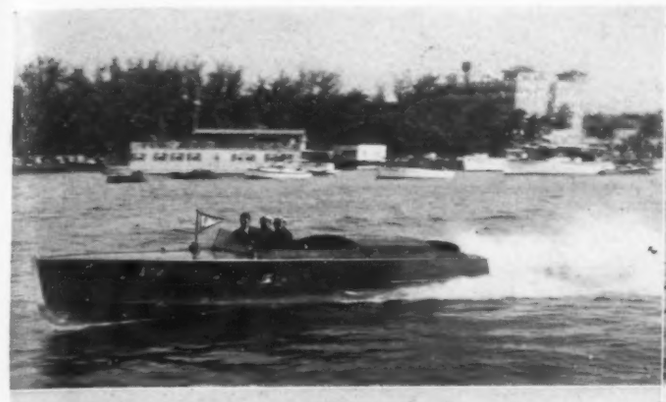
Boats entered and their standing in points at the close of competition were: *Smiling Dan III*, 800; *Miss Pluto*, 366; *Miss Quincy VIII*, 200; *Myda*, 195; *Baby Mine*, 100; *Japalac*, 120. Boats which competed but which failed to score 100 points included the *Miss Brooklyn*, *Margaret III*, *Lady Baltimore*, *Syn VII*, *Miss Wilmington* and *J. L. Reed*, entered as No. B. 87, Detroit, Mich. At the completion of the first two heats, *Miss Quincy VII*, *Smiling Dan III* and *Miss Pluto* were tied with 200 points each for first place. The *Smiling Dan III* never lost the lead after the third lap.

Rodman Wanamaker 2nd, in his *Little Old Man*, winner of last year's race for the Bradley Gold Challenge Cup, was forced out of the running with a burned bearing shortly after completing the first lap of the race this year. *Miss Palm Beach*, driven by W. J. Conners, Jr., took first place in this event, covering the 10 laps in 32 minutes and 54 seconds. The *Miss Okeechobee* held second place until the seventh lap, when she dropped out because of engine trouble. *Baby Cub* finished second and *Miss Lauderdale*, third.

In another race of 15 miles for displacement class boats, the *Miss Okeechobee*, driven by Mrs. W. J. Conners, Jr., won over the *Miss Palm Beach*. Although she kept the lead all the way, *Miss Okeechobee* was hotly pressed near the finish of the race.

Damfino, owned by the Dodge Water Car Company,

Smiling Dan III **came all the way from the Pacific Coast and "cleaned up" in great style in the 151-class, winning the Royal Poinciana Trophy and the Elgin Cup. She is owned by Richard Loynes of Long Beach, California.**



Miss Palm Beach, winner Bradley Gold Challenge Cup. Start of Dodge Watercar Class.

Start of *Baby Gar* Invitation Race. The Matthews Cruisers bunched at the start.

won the five-mile invitation race for the Barto cup. *Red Hot*, owned by Walter Hill, finished second. *Spitfire*, owned by J. H. Rand, Jr., led easily throughout the first lap but was forced to withdraw on losing a propeller blade on the second time around. *Damfino's* time for the 10-mile course was 23 minutes and 32 seconds. In the invitation *Baby Gar* standard runabout race, *Baby Cub*, owned by Howard Lyon, led over the entire 10-mile course. *Bebe*, owned by S. A. Lynch, was second and *Miss Lauderdale*, L. C. Morang's flier, third. *Baby Cub's* time was 13:36:03.

The speedboat *OO* won both heats of the Biscayne Babies class easily. Her best time, under the direction of W. F. Morang, her owner, was 8:05 in the second heat.

Don Conkling, son of the vice-commodore of the Palm Beach Yacht Club, won the Whitehall Trophy with *Spark Plug* in the junior sailing event. Conkling also took first place over George Hiscock in one of the three outboard motor races.

Over a 5-mile course the *Gray Gull* took the first place in the invitation Elco Cruisette class. Times made by the various entries were: *Gray Gull*, 29:43:03; *Cracker Boy*, 30:34; *Aurora*, 32:43. The race was for cruisers not more than 36 feet long, not more than 300 h.p. won by *Harpooner*.

A Sea Sled race was among the various events planned but only one boat, the *No Foolin*, was entered. She covered the 10-mile course in 19 minutes.

A Matthews 38-foot cruiser race was one of the features of the meet. The boats and their respective times as they finished were: *Palm Beach Real Estate*, first, 31:53; *Sally*, second, 33:02:02; *All Mine*, third, 33:06; *Matthew*, 32:24; *No. 62*, 33:43; *Hi-Jacker II*, 34:57:01; *Bobby*, 34:57:03. *Rosemary* started but developed engine trouble on the first lap.

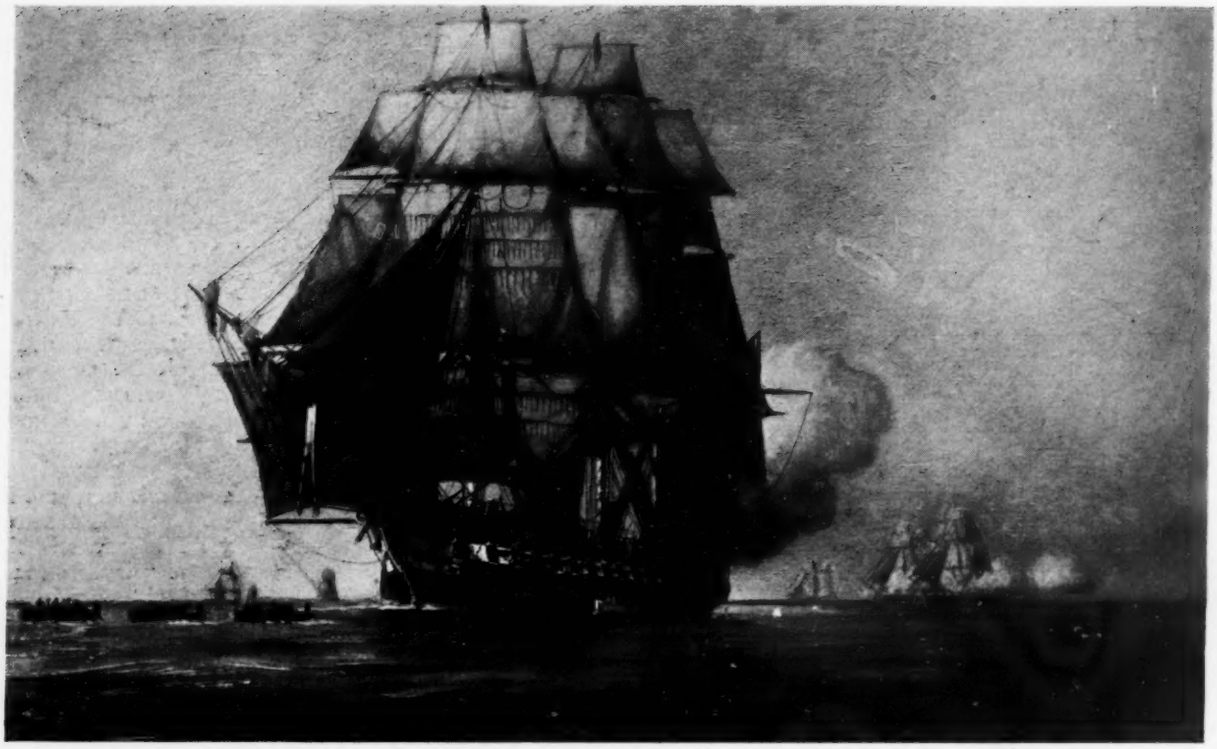
The *Spitfire* took first in the 151-class hydroplane race for women drivers. *Baby Mine*, driven by Mary Heidelberg, was second. Times for this race were: *Spitfire*, 4:33; *Baby Mine*, 4:38; *Miss Pluto*, 4:41; *Miss Brooklyn*, 4:57; *Syn VII*, 5:17; *Japalac*, 5:25.

The free-for-all outboard race was won by Peterson in an Elto-powered canoe, with Rogan taking second place in another canoe equipped with a Johnson motor. The winner covered the course of 3 miles in 15:49. Six fast one-design outboard motor craft, all equipped with Johnson motors, made snappy going in an invitation race run in three heats. *Wow* won out with a total of 500 points, and also made the best time for a 5-mile heat, 19:03:3/5.

At the termination of the meet, the local and visiting yachtsmen attended a reception and dinner at the Palm Beach Yacht Club, at which Com. A. H. Wagg presided.

The Johnson outboard motor class furnished good sport. *Wow* won at better than 15 m.p.h.

Peterson, in Elto-powered canoe, won the free-for-all in fast time.



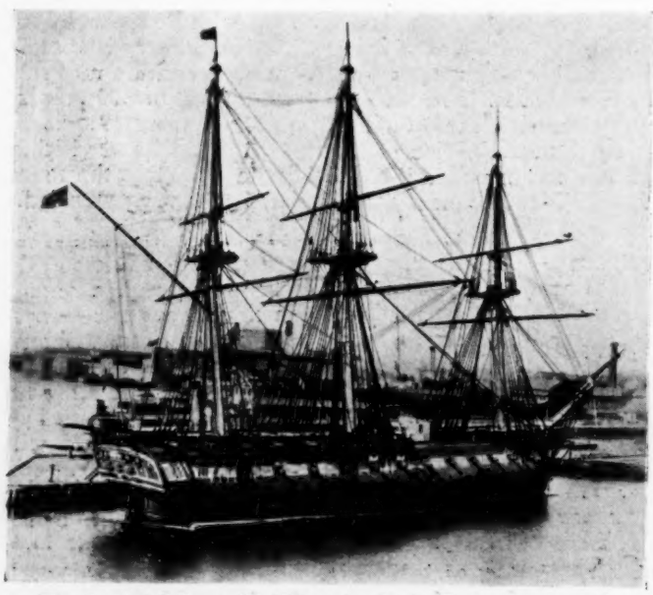
The *Constitution's* escape from a British Squadron off the New Jersey Coast, July 17th-20th, 1812. From a painting by C. Myron Clark.

Saving "Old Ironsides"

Progress of Campaign to Raise Funds for the Restoration of the Historic Frigate "Constitution"—Immediate Repairs Imperative to Save Old Ship

By HARRY BELKNAP

A COMPLETE survey of the old frigate *Constitution*, at the Boston Navy Yard, has been just completed by Lieut. John A. Lord, U. S. N., the officer appointed to take charge of the restoration of the ship. As a result of this survey it is evident that the old vessel will have to be almost entirely rebuilt. Dry rot has done its deadly work and the decayed condition of the bulwarks and timbers of the *Constitution* is now apparent, even to the casual visitor.



The *Constitution* as she lies today in the Boston navy yard.

For the past three months Lieutenant Lord has been engaged in a painstaking and difficult task. From old records and by making sketches and taking actual measurements in the hold of the ship he has reproduced a scale drawing of a 'midship section of the frigate giving the exact size and position of all the frames, beams, and other details of construction.

"Practically every timber in the ship will have to be replaced" declared Lieutenant Lord in speaking with the writer regarding the reconstruction of the famous old ship. "It is going to be a large undertaking and will take many months to complete. The ship is in very bad condition and every day the deterioration is increasing. A thorough rebuilding of the ship is imperative and must be undertaken at once if the frigate is to be saved.

"The decks are so cracked and warped that the water from rain and melted snow pours through like a sieve and portions of the bulwarks are simply crumbling away with rot. The ship will have to be put in dry dock before we can ascertain the exact condition of her keel and the lower portions of the hull. She has not been out of water for 40 years and her bottom is undoubtedly covered with an immense amount of barnacles and marine growth. This coating on top of the copper sheathing is probably all that is keeping her afloat, and were it removed the water would doubtless rush in.

The *Constitution* running before a gale of wind. From a painting by C. Myron Clark.

"The government has authorized the restoration of the *Constitution*, but failed to appropriate funds for the purpose. It is estimated that the cost of reconstruction will be $500,000 and this is to be raised by public donations and the subscriptions of school children. Funds are coming in rather slowly and at this time (January) only $126,745.38 has been collected."

The action of the municipal authorities in several large cities in forbidding collections being taken in the public schools has hindered the raising of the fund. The plan of the government was for each child to contribute from three to ten cents toward the fund. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, through its various lodges, is carrying out a campaign to aid the fund.

Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, lately appointed Commandant of the First Naval District, which includes the Boston Navy Yard in Charlestown, made the following statement recently:

"The frigate *Constitution* has carried the Stars and Stripes with honor, in peace and war, for 128 years. The American people owe this great ship a debt that only restoration by popular contribution can repay.

"The active career of the *Constitution* spanned 82 years. Since 1882 she has been a naval shrine and museum, visited annually by thousands. Her end at the hands of ship-wreckers is near unless the people of the country come to her rescue with patriotic contributions. The Navy will rebuild her as soon as the remainder of the fund is raised. It is a small amount to preserve such a precious symbol of the great spirit and mighty deeds of our forefathers."

The idea of obtaining contributions from school children was suggested by the Secretary of the Navy and endorsed by President Coolidge because it was felt that a study of the record of the historic ship would turn the thoughts of the youth of the country to important facts in the early development of the United States and create a sentiment for keeping the frigate as a national memorial.

A. C. Ratshesky, president of the United States Trust Company, of Boston, is treasurer of the fund. The first dollar contributed came from Daniel Jennings, of Boston, who signed himself "A Boy Civil War Veteran of the U. S. Navy." The first school collection was sent in from Dexter, Maine. The restoration was authorized by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1925, which also authorized the Secretary of the Navy to receive contributions for the purpose. Gold, silver, and bronze medals, given by Commander Marian Eppley, U. S. N. R., are being awarded for essays on the history of the frigate by students in colleges, high schools, and grade schools.

Many interesting stories from the *Constitution's* history might be related if space permitted. For instance, there is the time when she made a speed of 13.5 knots, according to an entry in her log in the year 1809; and there is the instance of the political fanatic who showed his disapproval of the figurehead of Gen. Andrew Jackson, that was substituted for the ships's original figurehead, by rowing out in a skiff one dark night when the ship lay at

(*Continued on page 92*)

The main deck of "Old Ironsides," looking aft, showing battery of 32- and 24-pounders.

Getting Ready for the Bermuda Race

Some Pointers on How to Prepare Your Boat for a Fast, Safe and Enjoyable Passage

By SAMUEL WETHERILL

EVERY owner who enters his boat in the Bermuda Race — or any other long distance race — undoubtedly has two big reasons for entering: first, to endeavor to win a prize, or prizes; and second, to have as many pleasant recollections of his trip as possible, whether or not he wins a trophy.

Now, admitting that he has a good boat and a good crew, and gets his share of the "breaks," there is another feature of ocean racing which is just as important as having a good boat and crew, and at least breaking even in luck. And that can be summed up in a single word: *Preparedness*.

Old hands at the game realize that preparedness is half the battle. They realize, among other things, that their boat must be sound and leakproof both above and below the waterline; that the proper equipment of sails is essential to a good showing; that spars and rigging must be in prime condition to stand hard, continuous driving in hard breezes and heavy seas; that a well fed, well rested crew is an asset, while a half starved, sleepless, worn out outfit is a liability; that the compass and binnacle must be the best obtainable; and so on and so on.

A snapshot taken in the 1923 Bermuda Race. Conditions such as this call for a tight hull, decks, ports, and hatches — and stout sails, spars and rigging.

All these things, and many others, have a tremendous bearing on the showing of any boat — be she good, bad, or indifferent — and on the amount of real pleasure to be had out of the trip, win or lose. So, realizing the importance of proper preparation, let's consider some of the things which can be done *before the race* to assure a fast, safe and pleasant passage.

The Hull

It should go without saying that all parts of the hull — bottom, topsides, and deck — should be as leakproof as it is possible to make them. Pumping a boat out is hard, and wearing on a crew. Sleeping in wet bunks, and slipping and sliding around on a wet cabin floor, is a curse. Make sure that every seam and butt is absolutely tight. Go carefully over every opening in the hull — such as scupper pipes, water intakes and outlets, rudder sleeve, etc. — and see that there is no chance of a leak. Examine rudder pintles and gudgeons, and all parts of the steering gear — a balky or broken rudder is a mighty mean thing at sea, and may be downright dangerous.

Leaky deck seams, portlights, and hatches, are often the cause of intense discomfort, and quickly lower the morale of the entire crew. They must be absolutely tight, not only to rain or spray, but to *solid water*. Either test them thoroughly in hard going, or turn a hose on them, to find the leaks. Take along plenty of extra gaskets for ports and hatches, and have all hatches well secured with dogs, clamps or hatch irons. See that your Charley Noble is securely anchored to stand solid water, and have a deck plate to use in case Charley gives up the ghost.

Spars and Rigging

Of course, spars must be absolutely right, and properly rigged to stand hard driving. Distribute gaff and boom bridles so that there is a minimum of buckling. Likewise spreaders. See that the right shrouds lead over the spreaders — careless or incompetent riggers have been known to rig a boat all wrong. Examine all blocks, shackles, turnbuckles, etc. — and carry along some spares. Be sure that your running rigging is strictly O. K., and protected from chafing. Look to your wire rigging splices and seizings — this is where weakness invariably develops.

Carry plenty of spare manila for halliards, sheets, lace lines, etc., and marline, light line, some spare canvas, and plenty of needles and sail twine.

Be sure and carry two good crotch tackles for reefing, so you can hold your boom steady in a seaway and not knock someone overboard. And rig strong life lines from stem to taffrail, secured to the shrouds about waist high.

Sails

Your sails are your sole driving power. To get results in all weathers, you must have good sails, of the right kind, and plenty of them. Your working sails should be well cut, with fair flow. And they must be absolutely sound, from leach to luff. A torn or split mainsail will ruin any chances you may have for making a good showing. A blown out jib or foresail is pretty nearly as bad. If your sails are new, they are probably all right. If they are a season or so old, have a sailmaker repair them if they show the slightest signs of wear. Look particularly at cringles at peak, throat, tack and clew, and at batten pockets. If you carry battens, have them at least an inch shorter than the pockets, or they are apt to wear through the sail or pocket — and if they do, you stand an excellent chance of a squall ripping your mainsail from leach to luff.

Light sails are just as important, if not more so, in ocean racing as in short races in protected waters. Even when the wind gets very light, there is always a heave and a swell at sea; and then your gaffs and booms slat and thrash about, and, dragging the sails after them, render them totally inefficient as driving sails. Light sails, with no booms or gaffs to lead them astray, will fill and hold the wind far better. You are practically certain to meet this condition at some time on the trip — former races prove it. A good balloon jib, not too baggy, is a great "puller" on any boat. A reaching jib, smaller and flatter than the ballooner, is another good bet. On a schooner, have either two or three maintopmast (*Continued on page 90*)

Photo by Bruff Garrett

A fleet of Class R yachts getting under way from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club anchorage, Toronto Harbor.

Canada Building New Class R Yachts

Freshwater and Salt Come Together When Designers of "Bluenose" and "Nayada" Lock Horns

By C. H. J. SNIDER

PARTICULARLY interesting is the situation which has arisen on Lake Ontario in regard to Canadian representation in the ranks of the R boats. This rating under the Universal Rule has come to embrace the yachting championships both of Lake Ontario and of all the Great Lakes.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, long the premier freshwater yachting organization, and, in point of membership, one of the largest yacht clubs in the world, has been outrun in this particular class. Both the Rochester, N. Y., Yacht Club, on the south side of Lake Ontario, and the Crescent Yacht Club, of Watertown, N. Y., at the east end of the lake, although much weaker in membership, possess more R's, and more modern ones at that. Of the fifteen R Class sloops on Lake Ontario only three were under the R. C. Y. C. burgee last summer. A fourth, the thirteen-year-old *Scrapper II.*, rejoined the fleet at the end of the season. In view of the fact that the most recent R. C. Y. C. champion was left standing in the races for the George Cup and Lake Ontario championship in 1925, the outlook was indeed indigo-tinted for the retention of the championship of the Great Lakes — the Richardson Trophy — which the R. C. Y. C. won at Chicago in 1924 and looked forward to defending on Lake Erie in 1926.

It was not lack of interest or lack of enterprise that let the R. C. Y. C. fleet of R boats run down thus. It was lack of faith in the continuing merits of the Universal Rule, the measurement and rating system which has controlled lake yachting for nearly 20 years. Prospective owners saw R boats getting narrower and longer, and builders' charges getting wider, higher, deeper, steeper and stiffer, until the "twenty-footer," which they used to consider an R boat, had grown into what was called a "thirty-footer" in the old restricted waterline days. And costs climbed until one R boat at $7,500, like *Lillian E.*, a 1923 example, cost twice as much as it had cost to build *Beaver* and *Minota* together — two thirty-footers — for the Canada's Cup contest of 1899. At the same time they saw and heard much about the tidy little six-meter boats, of approximately the same size, and they looked accordingly to the International Rating Rule for deliverance. While deliverance was coming they sat tight.

So two new R boats in fourteen years, and those of the vintage of 1923, was the rate of increase in the R. C. Y. C. fleet, and it did not take much stepping on the gas to pass it.

Commodore Gooderham and a syndicate of ten members set an important precedent in 1923 when they decided to give the all-Canadian idea a chance in the next international candidate. Hitherto, for a quarter of a century or more, every Canadian champion had been the work of an English, Scotch or American designer. Canadian amateurs had tried occasionally, but they never had a look in. Commodore Gooderham and his syndicate gave T. B. F. Benson, a Toronto naval architect, his opportunity, and he rose to it splendidly with *Nayada*. She did not win the George Cup, but she made an excellent showing, and when chance made her the representative of Lake Ontario in the Great Lakes championship contest at Chicago, at the end of 1924, she swept the boards in a sensational victory. Yachtsmen who saw it will always talk of how she shot across *Ariel's* bows on the port tack, clearing her by a whisper, crossed *Mebleh* astern so close that the varnish on the transom smoked, and then whirled about to windward

***Nayada*, designed by T. B. F. Benson in 1923.**

of the pair, with victory sewed right up in her mitt.

Nayada is undoubtedly an able horse for hard going, and Norman Gooderham got the best out of her in those windy days off the Windy City. But she was left like a drayhorse in the George Cup races on Lake Ontario last summer by *Rogue*, of Rochester, and *Kathea*, of Watertown, and it was realized that the palm had passed onward.

After *Kathea's* capture of the George Cup Commodore Gooderham said frankly that he would not interest another syndicate to build a new R boat under the Universal Rule, because of the tendency of that rule to develop extremes. When it became evident, however, that whatever modification there is to be in the rating rule eventually the Universal was going to hold for 1926, the immediate situation had to be met. Mr. Gooderham gave his word that if any member or syndicate of the club came forward with a new Class R boat he would see to it that she had a new one to keep her company. R. S. McLaughlin of Oshawa, Ont., owner of the four-masted schooner yacht *Azara*, agreed to build a new R Class sloop, and retained Mr. Benson to design her. Mr. McLaughlin had been one of the original courageous *Nayada* syndicate. This left Commodore Gooderham rather in a quandary. Having sponsored the all-Canadian idea, and believing in it thoroughly, he felt that the boat with which he matched Mr. McLaughlin's should be of Canadian design. But with the best Canadian designer on Lake Ontario already bespoken he felt it would be unfair both to Mr. Benson and Mr. McLaughlin to ask the designer of *Nayada* to turn out a second R boat which would also be his "best yet." In fact, he considered it impossible. For experimental purposes it is interesting to bid a designer produce two boats, working out his best ideas in each, and accept the choice of the two. But it does not work well when different owners have to sign on the dotted lines of two different cheques to meet the bills.

Temptation to buy one of a dozen almost new R boats that had raced successfully on the Sound and in New England waters was strong, but Mr. Gooderham felt that this would rob international sport of much of its interest and value. So he bethought him of W. J. Roue, of Halifax, whose phenomenal success with the fisherman *Bluenose* had put Nova Scotia on the map for yacht building, as that province used to be for shipbuilding in the days of "wooden ships and iron men." Mr. Roue was up to his eyes with fishermen, fisherman-type yachts, pilot boats, cruising schooners and whatnot, but he gallantly rose to this freshwater opportunity.

After much hunting around for suitable building accommodation he was fortunate in securing the assistance of F. W. ("Casey") Baldwin, coadjutor of the late Graham Bell. The Graham Bell laboratories at Baddeck, N. S., have been conducting most interesting and successful experiments in hydroplanes, submarine chasers, airplanes and flying boats for years. Mr. Baldwin built the streamline R boat *Scrapper III* there, and there, too, was built W. W. Nutting's *Typhoon*. It was from Baddeck that she sailed for her eighteen-day crossing of the Atlantic in 1920, and Mr. Baldwin was one of her crew. It was agreed that the new R boat for Commodore Gooderham should be built at Baddeck; and so the Canadian race between saltwater and fresh began in the first of February.

Mr. Roue's work has not been confined to fishermen and yachts of the fisherman type, although it is by that he is best known. His R boat for Lake Ontario embodies advanced ideas but does not run to the extremes of length and narrowness seen in some of the most successful racers last year. Mr. Benson, on the other hand, has also done much more work than designing R's. In fact, *Nayada* has been his only one of that class, until he undertook the McLaughlin craft. He is a believer in refinement of form, and has striven to get away from the sort of underbody which carries a great haycock of white water on the weather quarter when hard pressed. His schooners *Yolanda* and *Blue Moon*, while primarily intended for cruising, show great smoothness in heavy going. Like Mr. Roue's design, his latest R boat is fairly conservative. Both boats have more draft than their predecessors on Lake Ontario, which have been running from 5 ft. to 5 ft., 6 in., and both go well into length, although each comes under the 40-foot mark. As 44 feet over all is not unknown in the class, they may be considered moderate. Workmanship on each is of the very best. They are, of course, mahogany hulled. Mr. McLaughlin's candidate is being built at Oakville, Ont., 20 miles west of Toronto, and is the first product of the new shop established there, or rather, of the old shop which built all the Toronto international champions since the *Canada*, of 1896, and which is now under new management. Rear Commodore Norman Gooderham, of the R. C. Y. C., took it over from Capt. James Andrews last fall, primarily for the extensive repair job on his new schooner *Yolanda*, after she was overthrown and crushed in a whirlwind which caught her high and dry on the marine railway.

The coming together of the products of two such designers as W. J. Roue and T. B. F. Benson has given a filip to Canadian yachting which the liveliest international contest could not improve. Each represents the best Canada has found yet, one on salt water and the other on fresh, and the trial races to select the R. C. Y. C. representative for the George Cup, and potentially, the Great Lakes championship, will be watched with interest.

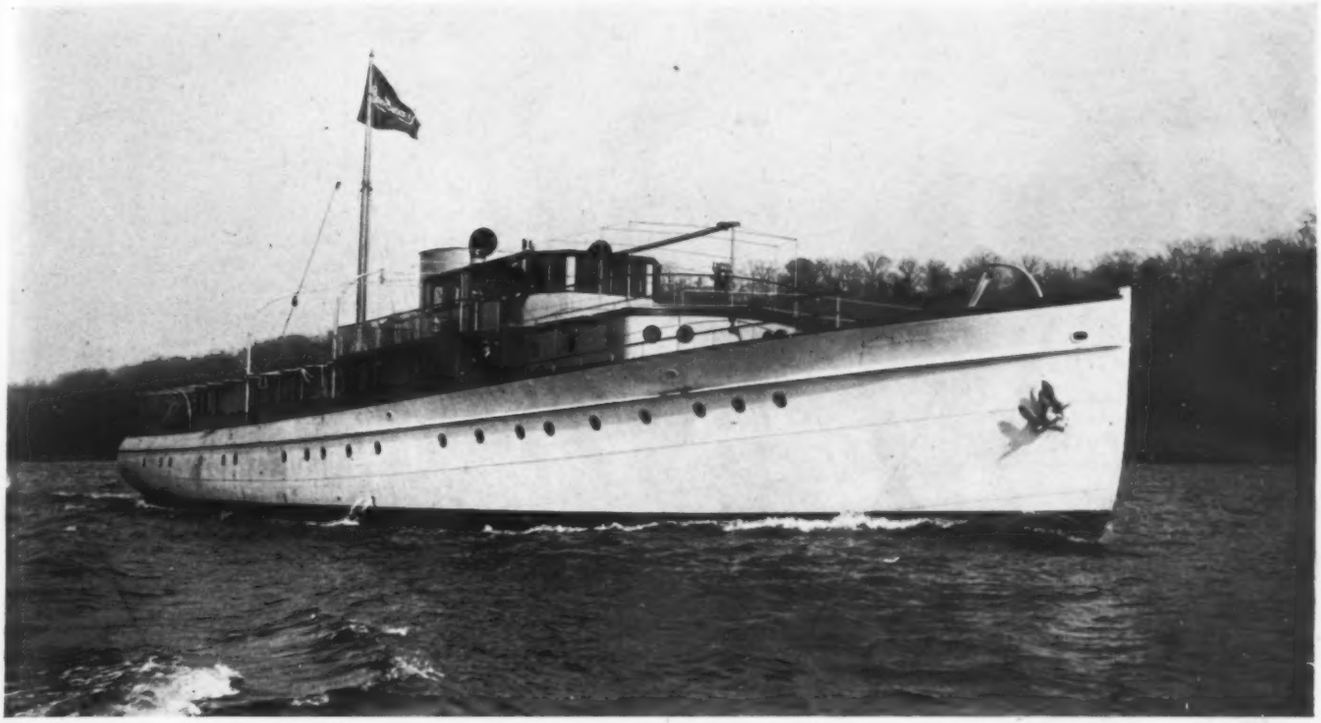
Apart from the R Class situation the season on Lake Ontario promises to be an interesting one generally. The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club's challenge to the Rochester Yacht Club revives the Canada's Cup, which has been dormant since 1907, and the Rochester Yacht Club is expected to make another bid for the Fisher Cup, which the Royal Canadian Yacht Club has been holding since 1911.

User's Tax Eliminated

WHEN President Coolidge signed the new revenue bill on February 26th, the last of the war-time taxes on yachts and pleasure boats was eliminated and hereafter all American-built yachts, no matter what size, are free from taxation. The passage of this revenue bill ends a long struggle which yachtsmen, and those identified with the building of yachts in this country, have carried on to eliminate an objectionable and unjust tax. The annual user's tax has heretofore been $1.00 per foot on boats from 32 to 50 feet over all length or over 5 tons; $2.00 per foot for boats from 50 to 100 feet, and $4.00 per foot for boats over 100 feet.

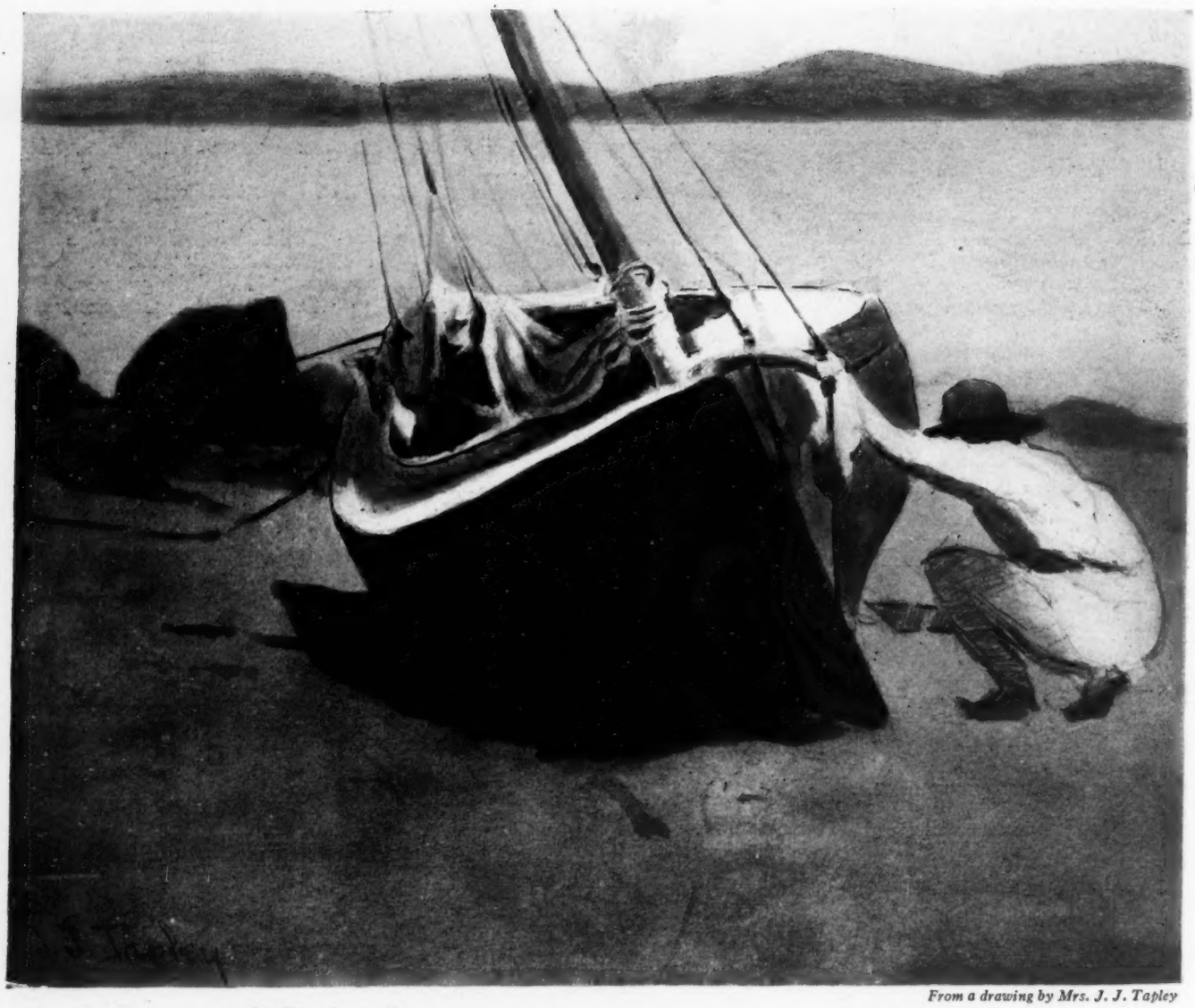
The credit for the abolition of this tax is due largely to the legislative committee of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, headed by Henry R. Sutphen, which has worked hard in the interest of American yachtsmen.

The new bill, however, provides a tax on the use of foreign-built craft which at present takes the place of a tariff in protecting American builders. Through what has always been believed was a flaw in the tariff bill, foreign-built boats were permitted to enter this country free of duty under certain conditions. In the new bill a user's tax, just double that imposed by the former revenue bill, is imposed for the use of foreign-built craft in this country, beginning January 1, 1926.



Shadow K, a new 150-foot steel high-speed Diesel cruiser owned by Mr. Carl Fisher. She was designed by Purdy and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation.

The living room of *Shadow K* in the forward deckhouse, with built-in dining table in the corner, is most attractive and "livable."



From a drawing by Mrs. J. J. Tapley

On Penobscot Bay.
The Spring overhaul with the Maine Coast fishermen is often a simple affair.

The Santa Barbara regatta, 1925, showing Class R sloops at end of leeward leg. Left to right, *Canuck, Galliano III, Alert, California, Patricia, Debra, Aloha.*

The Yachting Outlook for Southern California

By MARCO POLO

THE outlook for a successful yachting season in Southern California was never brighter than it is for 1926.

Some year or so ago a new club, the Catalina Island Yacht Club, was formed, and now gives every indication of being a live, wide-awake organization, one that will hold its own with the rest of the clubs making up the Southern California Yachting Association.

The old 1925 officers of the Association are being replaced by new ones, so that at this time it is not possible to say definitely where this year's championships will be held, although the Newport Harbor Yacht Club has made a strong bid for them and there is every indication that the races will be held in the ocean off Balboa, the home of the club, and the meet will in all probability be held in August.

The most important ocean race, at least from the standpoint of distance, is the San Pedro-Honolulu race, to be held under the flag of the California Yacht Club and scheduled to start June 12th.

In addition to this race the next most important is the race around Catalina and San Clemente Islands, a distance of some 125 miles. This race was held in 1924 and 1925, and both years the same boats won in their respective class, namely: *Diablo*, *Ortona* and *Scaramouche*.

Another important long-distance race is the one from San Pedro to the scene of the annual regatta, but should the regatta be held at Balboa there will probably be no race, as the distance from San Pedro is only some 25 miles.

Last year a new cup was put up for a race around Catalina Island but owing to the lateness of the season the regular race was not held but a shorter one was run, to the island and return, a distance of some 40 miles, whereas the length of the regular course is some seventy-five miles. This comprises all of what can be fairly called long distance races, there being, however, one other race for the Nordlinger Trophy, a distance of about 50 miles.

In connection with these ocean races, which are the premier yacht racing events in any club, it is interesting to note that this class of racing has so interested the yachtsmen in these waters that three new auxiliary schooners are being built and will take part in most, if not all, of the long distance races this summer. Two of the boats were designed by H. Engleman, one 62 feet over all for Lewis Stone, and one a 45-footer for Captain Jorgstroff, while the third is a 45-footer for Messrs. D. B. Ayres and Howard Whiffen, from plans by Edson B. Schock.

***Scaramouche*, a successful small schooner that has annexed most of the recent long distance races in her class on the Pacific.**

While the long distance events are the real classics of the yachting world, the other classes will be well represented, especially in the R Class, which will have at least one new member, already built, and possibly one or two more. This class will again furnish most of the excitement, and all will be in commission.

Patricia, the Nicholson-designed boat, and present holder of the Lipton Cup, has

(*Continued on page 88*)

Nautical Nuggets

Part II — Some Valuable Pointers about Overhauling, Repairing and Renewing the Rigging and Sails of Small Craft

By William W. Swan

LAST month's article on "Nautical Nuggets" dealt with the proper conditioning of a racing hull at small expense. While as much space as possible was devoted to the question of painting, it was impossible to go into full detail on every problem which might arise. Anyone meeting any unusual condition not covered in the article are invited to drop a line to the author, in care of YACHTING, who will be glad to help all hands find a solution of their difficulties.

In the present article it is my intention to give a few hints to the small boat racing man as to the inspection of old sails and rigging. There are some things for the owner of a new boat to know as well, and they will appear in due course.

Wire Rigging

Nowadays nearly all small racing craft have wire halliards as well as standing rigging. Let's look 'em over very carefully.

Your shrouds, the jib and preventer stays are the means of holding your mast in the position intended, no matter from what quarter the pressure of the wind comes. They are apt to become weakened through chafing or rust, even in one season of use. Examine the seizing which protects and strengthens all splices. If this seizing is so worn on the inside where it girdles the mast or other spar that the wire is in danger of becoming exposed, have it reseized.

In your shrouds, jib and back stays there are three points of danger to be carefully inspected. These danger points are: (1) The seized loops around mast. (2) The point just above the seizing at lower end of shroud. (3) The pins which go through chain plate hole and thimble of stay. (Sketch A).

If the wire has been chafed around mast or rust shows at spot indicated, don't risk a smash but have new ones made. Back or preventer stays can be respliced because the slight shortening makes no difference except on the new "slide" type which use a track or bridle.

Wire Running Rigging

Throat halliards of flexible wire probably stand more actual hard usage than any other and should be carefully inspected. That part between sheave of block and point of contact with sail or gaff is most likely to show strain. (Sketch B). The part used around cleat or mast-windlass is another.

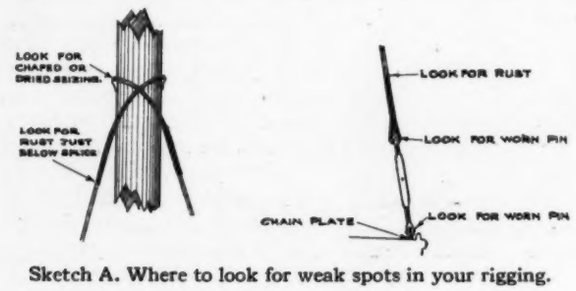
Again, in this length of wire, you must be careful of the splice and the pin through the shackle, and especially careful of the splice joining wire and rope. Here rust gets in its work through moisture retained by the hemp. Have this respliced and reseized. When a wire halliard is actually used on a cleat it materially weakens the wire because it puts a too sudden bend in it and opens up the strands. Where your halliards are too long, I believe it to be economy to place a small brass windlass just above the cleat (where halliards are secured at base of mast); several easy turns around this, and then belay, will prevent any danger of weakening the halliard.

The man who tries to make 'em go another season takes rather foolish chances. It is better to play safe and spend the money to renew the wire rigging if it shows the slightest tendency toward rust. A sad ending to an "economy complex" follows:

Several years ago, a "George J. Tightwad" who raced a thirty-footer, tried to make a throat halliard go through a racing campaign even after evidences of deterioration had manifested themselves. I sailed this boat several times before Race Week at Larchmont and twice advised him to get a new halliard. This wire got so bad that one had to wear heavy gloves to prevent the tearing of skin by strands rusted through and broken.

During the Race Week series he was well up in the point score until Friday, when a heavy squall came up. He had taken the precaution to seize the weak spot with marline. When the squall hit he could not lower away because of the seizing and elected to ease her through. Luck was against him, however, and he was dismasted.

This halliard could have been replaced for about $15.00, but it actually cost him the race, the series, and several hundred dollars for repairs. Some economy!


LOOK FOR CHAFED OR DRIED SEIZING.
LOOK FOR RUST JUST BELOW SPLICE
LOOK FOR RUST
LOOK FOR WORN PIN
CHAIN PLATE
LOOK FOR WORN PIN

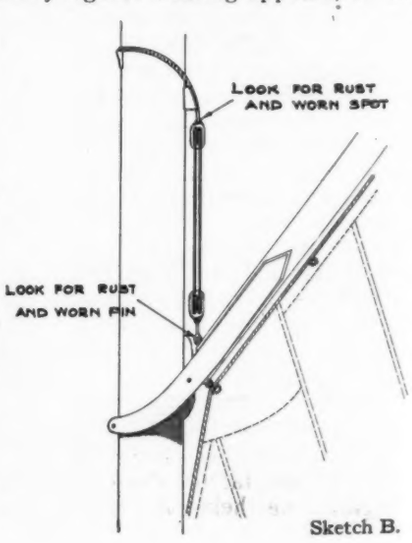
Sketch A. Where to look for weak spots in your rigging.

Main Sheet, Etc.

Sometimes a sheet rope can be reversed with safety, but not always. If you have a good four strand main sheet which was used only last season (providing it is not the double-end type, where strain comes in the middle), by reversing you could safely get through another summer. This chance should not be taken with three strand or the cheaper hemps. It is "better to be safe than sorry," to use an old, old saying.

Jib sheets, if still tightly twisted, can be reversed, for they are not subjected to the extreme strain often borne by the mainsheet. If any sign of wearing appears, or the rope can be easily untwisted, put on new sheets and use old ones for spinnaker guys or emergency.

All this may sound as if I were in league with the rope manufacturers, but I assure you I am not, and feel too strongly on the subject to avoid it. I know how unpleasant it is to break in new sheet-ropes, and I also know the satisfaction engendered by a sweetly flexible



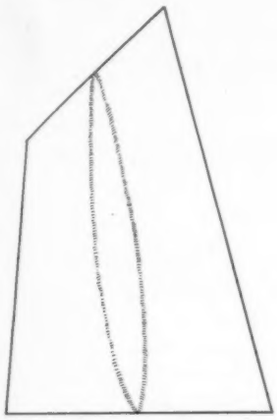
Sketch B.

main or jib sheet that will pay out even in light weather. However, there is only a period of a few months when hemp rope can be flexible as well as strong. This period seems to be from about one month after it is first used to the fifth or sixth month, depending on whether it has been properly taken care of and rightly chosen as to size.

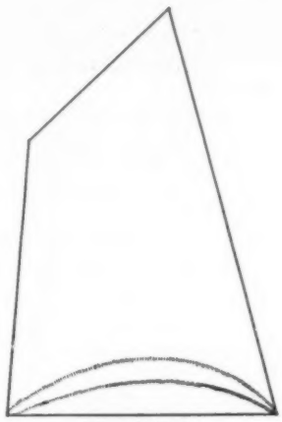
There are a great many racing skippers who do not give much time or thought to their sheet ropes, and later on in this series I shall endeavor to tell my readers how to treat them so as to lengthen the useful period.

Working Sails

Your mainsail and jib are considered the "working sails" on small racing sloops. At the end of last racing season the chances are that you left your boat in commission in order to enjoy a few more pleasant sails. The season being over, you were not so careful about slacking off the outhauls or drying out, with the result that mildew became more noticeable and the head and foot were well stretched out.



Sketch C.



Sketch D.

Now, if these sails are not "blown out" as well, they can be put in useful condition for bad weather racing, providing you are not in a class where only one racing suit is allowed. First, wash them out with sapolio and fresh water. This can be done on a lawn or, better yet, a pier or runway. Late in April or the first part of May is the best time. Dry thoroughly in the sun. You will be surprised how white they will bleach. When dry, arrange to have a good sail maker rerope them at proper places.

If you have a hard spot caused by stretching of head and improper hoisting — in other words, a bulge to windward where the sail is shaded in sketch "C" — your sail should be reroped from peak to part way down the hoist. If your hard spot is caused by stretching of the foot, it should be recut and reroped along foot (sketch D) and part way up hoist. Don't change a good "flowing" part. If it is all right aloft, leave it alone; just try to improve the lower part.

Have all batten pockets repaired and new cotton rope sewed in with which to tie them in. It might be a good idea at this time to fit battens properly and number them. Battens should not protrude beyond the leach of the sail. They should be cut to just that length which will bring the point snugly into the bottom of pocket and leave the hole in batten in line with the holes in sail when sail is pulled taut. To tie, run cotton cord through *batten and sail holes* and tie with square knot.

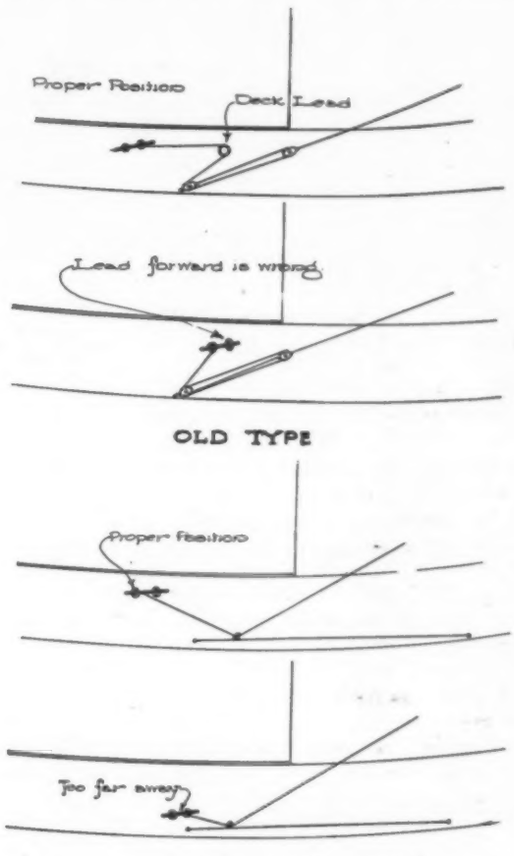
My advice is to have two complete sets of battens. Ordinarily the long ones in the mainsail and the middle one or ones in jib leach are those which are most easily broken or whipped out. It is a great satisfaction to have these "extras" handy when needed.

Resew your racing number and racing pennant. It is annoying to have a corner of the number fold down or flap and often leads to a "call" from the race committee (who have troubles enough without having to decipher partly obscured racing numbers).

Light Sails

Those sails of lighter material, such as balloon jib, spinnaker, etc., should also be looked over and properly patched if need be. These sails can be improved by recutting or gathering, in nine cases out of ten.

A balloon jib needs to be something more than a bag or a board. It must have just the proper flow to outdraw the average "working jib," especially on a close reach. These defects can be remedied if you are observant enough to be able to tell the maker wherein the sail is wrong.



Sketches E and F, showing various backstay leads.

The bottom of a spinnaker is its weakest point, and if the full curve is not properly cut, will lift and spill the wind. Watch for this.

Launching Time

As you near the date for launching, look your hull over carefully below the waterline. Any seams which seem to be extremely wide open should have ordinary yellow soap rubbed into them. This prevents an undue amount of water from entering your boat until the planking has a few hours to swell up and close the seam. The boat should lie quiet in order to get the benefit of this soap "nugget," as it then dissolves slowly and is not washed out too quickly.

Another way to save your boat from sinking, should you have overlooked an open seam, or some mishap in launching should "start" a seam or crack a plank, is to have a bucket of dry sawdust handy and an ordinary

crab net. Place a piece of cloth, burlap, or canvas in net. Chuck in the sawdust and submerge carefully, always progressing toward leak. Run the net fore and aft along leak, or as close as possible. The suction of the water will draw sawdust into the seam and the sawdust, which swells rapidly, will clog the leak long enough to allow the plank to swell.

Position of Cleats

Before your boat is launched, you should have overhauled your mooring and cable. Make sure there are no worn links or shackle pins and that your float is in good condition. If your mooring was left down over the winter you can only examine the upper end. It's then up to you as to whether you wish to take chances on the mooring.

Before applying the final deck coat of paint, it seems advisable to suggest that you look her over with the idea in mind of improving the position of leads and cleats in order to help your crew in handling the sails in racing.

For instance, one of the most prolific causes of annoyance to the good racing skipper is the fact that on some boats he can only steer and give orders. There are lots of things the skipper can do in maneuvering his boat, *but he can't do them if he has to leave the tiller or wheel*, so the deck plan should be arranged to give him a chance.

One of the easy things for a skipper to do without distracting attention from his course or opponents is to be able to either set up or cast off the back stay. On some boats these lead forward, or the lead is too short for the skipper to be able to reach the cleat comfortably (sketch E). By either bringing the cleat further aft or placing a flat deck block forward and then leading aft, this cleat can be placed just right for the skipper (sketch F). It can also be used for jib sheet (where one has a double sheet) so the cleat on lee side has the jib sheet set up and

(*Continued on page 94*)

Spring Fever

THE ice has left the river,
And the trees are full of sap;
Hoary Winter, with a shiver,
Has slid gently from Spring's lap.

So yank off the old tarpaulin,
Let aboard the air and sun,
And her gear be overhaulin',
For the season has begun!

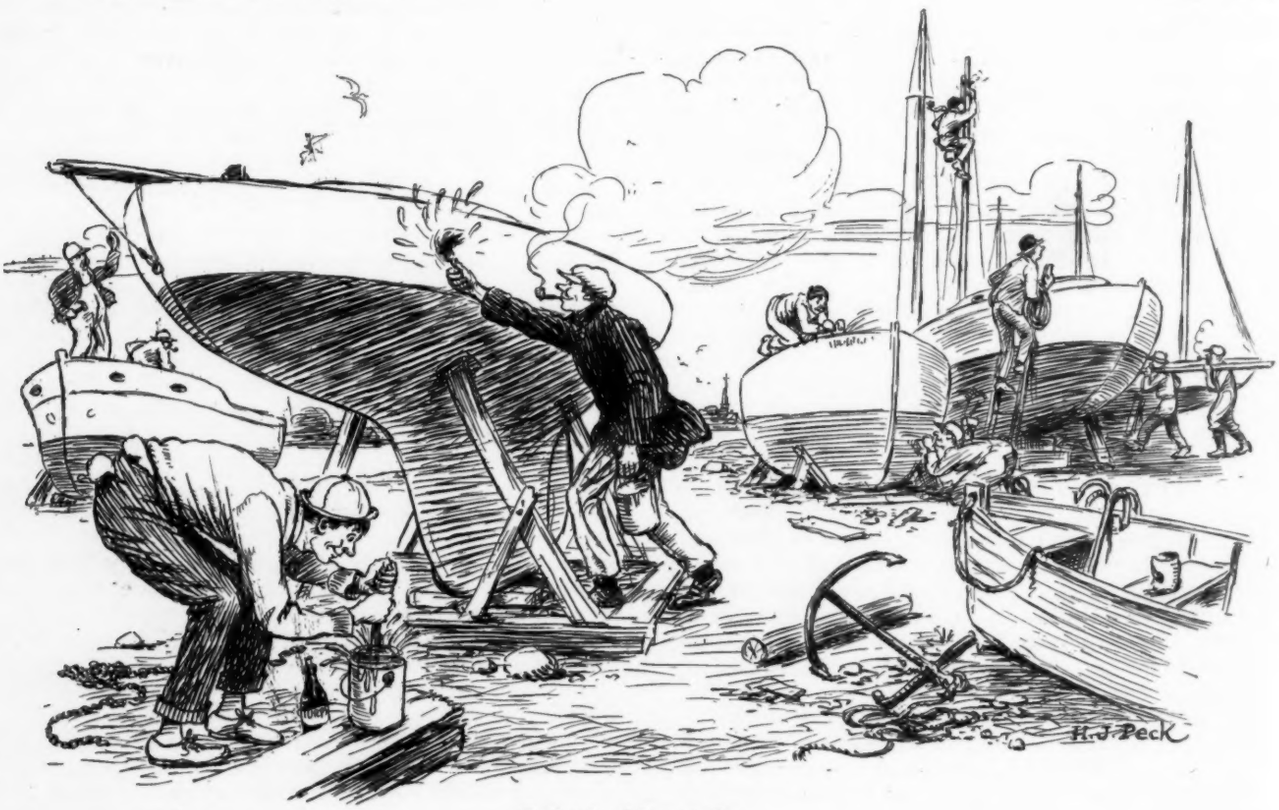
If your treasure boasts a "kicker",
Look it over now, me boy;
Make it chug a little slicker,
Rid of all last year's annoy.

And the hull may need some caulkin'
And a coat or two of paint,
Mixed with elbow-grease — not talkin' —
Sock it in without restraint.

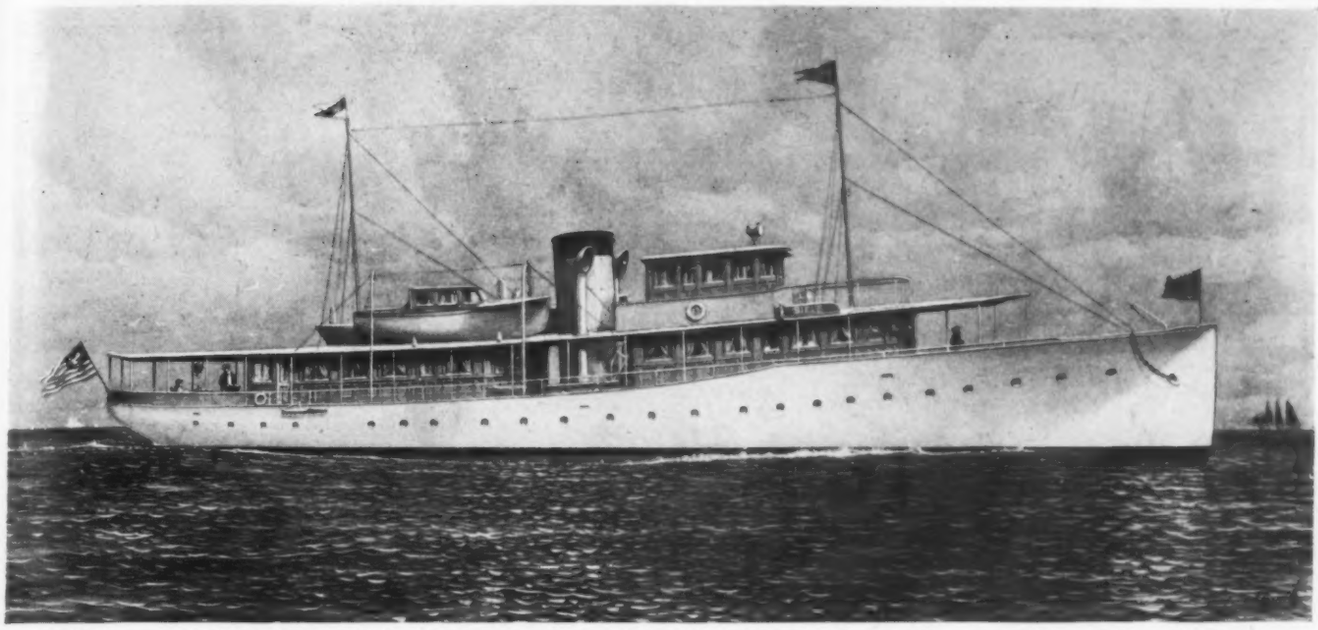
Give the sails a good once-over,
And inspect all ropes with care.
If you are a real *sea-rover*
Look for foul, as well as fair.

When you've groomed her good and proper
And your chest is puffed with pride,
Just slap on her coat of copper.
Are you ready? — Let
her
slide!

H. J. Peck



Spring is with us again.



Siele, a new 124-foot Diesel yacht for John B. French, Esq., building at the Pusey & Jones Co., from designs by B. T. Dobson.

Siele, a Twin-Screw Diesel Cruiser

THE new Diesel yacht *Siele*, now building for John H. French, Esq., of Detroit, is another example of the type of craft now being developed by B. T. Dobson, N.A., of New Bedford. *Siele* is a rugged, seaworthy little vessel, built of steel and capable of carrying her owner and his guests anywhere in comfort. The construction is well advanced at the yard of Pusey & Jones Co., Wilmington, Delaware. She is a particularly handsome and well proportioned craft, with many of the touches that mark the work of this designer.

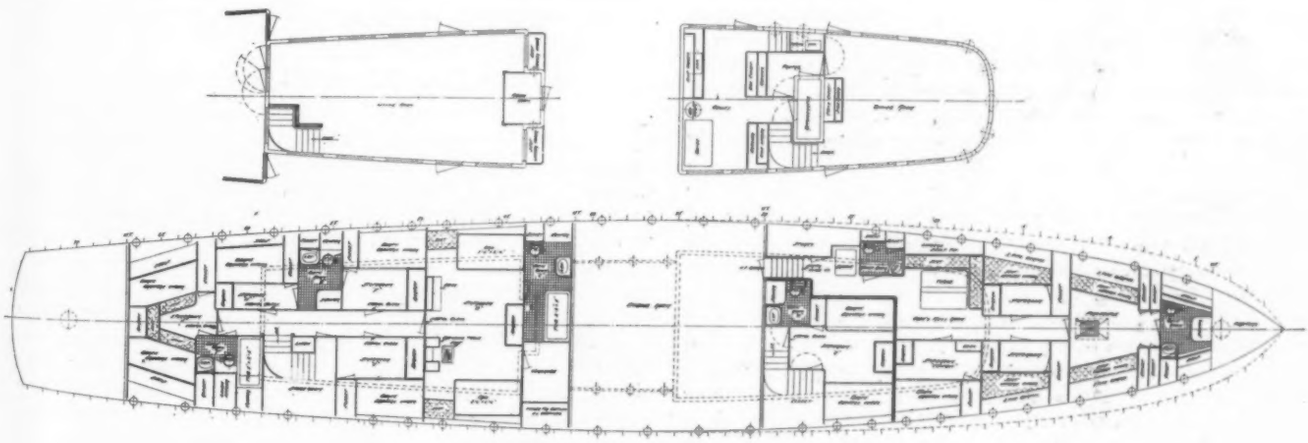
The forward deckhouse contains a large dining room, pantry and galley. The living room occupies the entire after deckhouse with the exception of a small radio room worked into the forward end. The owner's quarters below consist of three double staterooms (one forward of the engine room), three single staterooms and four bathrooms. The forward quarters will accommodate a crew of twelve.

The power plant will consist of two 300 h.p. Winton full Diesel engines, that should give the yacht a good turn of speed. Fuel will be carried in double bottoms, sufficient for a cruising radius of about 4,000 miles. Fresh water is also carried in double bottoms with a capacity of about 4,000 gallons. The steerer is electrically operated as well as all auxiliary pumps, windlass and boat-hoists.

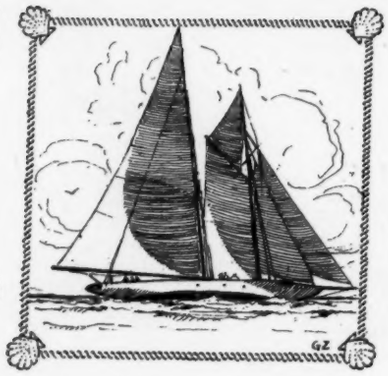
All materials and workmanship throughout are of the highest order. The deckhouses, decks, rails and exterior trim are all of selected teak. The deckhouse interiors are finished in paneled walnut and the owner's quarters below deck are finished in old ivory with walnut trim.

The small boat equipment consists of a 22-foot owner's launch with sedan top, an 18-foot crew's launch and a 14-foot dinghy.

The dimensions are: Length over all, 124′; length on waterline, 116′; beam, 20′ 6″; draft, 7′.



Accommodation plans of Diesel yacht *Siele.*



Yachting

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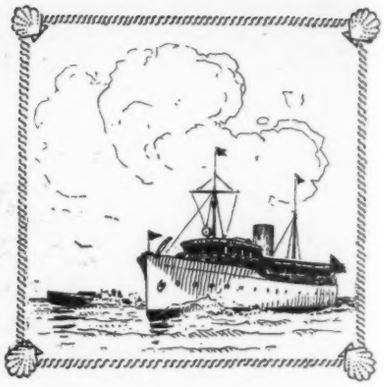


Editorial

The Measurement Rules

THE article in this issue of YACHTING by Clinton H. Crane on the measurement rules is, we believe, the clearest, the most temperate and the fairest of any that have so far appeared on this vexed question, which, unfortunately, is not always approached without prejudice and with an open mind intent only on finding the best solution of an intricate problem. Having had long experience with our present measurement rule and the ones that preceded it, and a first-hand acquaintance with the International Rule acquired in designing several boats under it that have been successful, his conclusions will carry weight, particularly as they are entirely unbiased. He does not say which rule is the better, and does not make extravagant claims for either. Both rules he believes are good, the result of many years' experience in rule making both here and in Europe, and an analysis of the two formulæ shows the two rules similar in many respects, though frequently arriving at the same result by different methods. In many instances faults that have become apparent in both rules can, he believes, be remedied by certain restrictions.

If we are ever to get anywhere with a common rating rule among the yacht racing countries, it will be possible only through such clearsighted, open-minded discussion as this of Mr. Crane.

That Staysail Rig

In spite of the fact that seamen seem less inclined to discard the old for the new and the untried than any other class, we have just now the anomaly of seeing nearly every owner of a two-sticker scrambling to discard his traditional foresail in favor of a lot of staysails draped between the fore and mainmasts, just because a new schooner turned up here last summer with the new rig and gave most of our fast ones a trimming. Now, this is not meant in the slightest way to detract from the merits of the *Advance* or of her new rig. She is a wonderful boat and her sail plan was a novel experiment and apparently successful. The way she turned to windward in all conditions she met last summer was phenomenal. But, after all, her owner says frankly that the rig was an experiment. Are we not jumping at conclusions in laying all of the success of *Advance* to the rig? Might not this success be due in large measure to her hull form? She was not tried out under the conventional foresail against any other schooner, and against the *Wildfire*, also rigged during the N. Y. Y. C. cruise with the new rig, *Advance* did as well as against the gaff rigged yachts.

Frankly, we do not think it is yet known just how much more efficient in all 'round sailing the staysail rig is, and it is a trifle premature to be putting the new rig on all classes of yachts — cruisers as well as racers, and even on commercial fishing vessels. One advantage of this wholesale adopting of the new rig, however, is that we will have a much better line of comparison next fall than we have now. Our own belief is that the new rig is much more efficient with the wind forward of the beam. With the wind aft the rig has yet to prove itself, and this it may do this coming summer.

The Open Class on the Sound

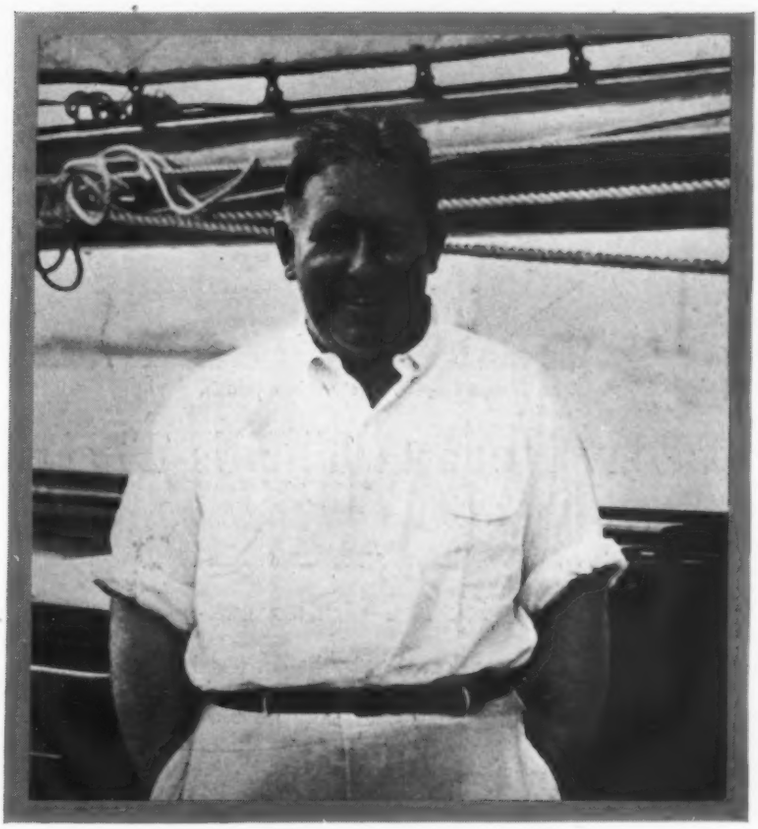
The heading of this paragraph is put in the singular because just now there is only one open class racing on the Sound. For several years there has not been any. Last summer the R Class came in strong and furnished the most interesting racing of the Sound season. There was no single outstanding yacht among the ten that were raced, *Ardette* and *Quiver* being the most successful.

While three new boats are being built for the class this year, there are some that will not be seen here this year. *Ardette*, *Secret* and *Fifi* have been sold and will go to other *habitats*, the first two to the Great Lakes, which have taken so many of our R's. The *Manhasset* and the *Chances* are for sale and probably will not be raced here. So this year the class will probably consist of nine boats, if all are out, viz: *Astrild*, *Doress*, *Barbara*, *Quiver* and *Gamecock*, of last year's fleet, and the three new yachts building for Donald H. Cowl, Junius S. Morgan, Jr., and R. B. Meyer. Then there is a boat built last year and not raced which has been bought by Robert Mallory and H. Hitt. So there will be another fine fleet out with enough new boats to make the racing interesting and to get some line on the improvements made since last year.

New York Yacht Club to Hold Race for Star Class

The announcement that the New York Yacht Club will give a race this season for the Star Class during the annual international championship series of this largest of one-design classes, is a source of gratification not only to the owners of Star boats, but to yachtsmen generally. It shows an appreciation on the part of the flag officers and regatta committee of this premier American yacht club of what the Star Class is doing for the sport, and of the changed conditions which pertain in yachts racing today over those of twenty years ago. Probably no two organizations could be farther apart in their standards than the New York Yacht Club and the Star Class. One is distinctly of the old school and the other of the new, and it indicates a broad vision and a distinct forward step when these two extremes come together and coöperate for the general good of the sport of yacht racing. The date of the race that the N. Y. Y. C. will hold is September 2nd. The Star Class International Series will be sailed August 30th to September 4.

In the World of Yachting



JOHN PARKINSON

ANOTHER eastern yachtsman who is, perhaps, as well known south of Cape Cod as he is north of it, is John Parkinson, the subject of our sketch this month. Whether on a large yacht or a small one, racer or cruiser, "Jack" Parkinson is equally at home, and as a member of the afterguard of "Resolute" every year that that latest of our cup defenders was out, his name became well known to American yachtsmen generally.

Most of Parkinson's early sailing was done on Buzzard's Bay, where with "Bob" Emmons, and others of that well-known yachting family, he sailed and raced from the Beverly Yacht Club for many years. One of his earlier boats on the Bay was the little Herreshoff 15-footer "Uarda." This was followed by the "Praxilla," one of the famous Buzzard's Bay 30-footers, designed and built by Herreshoff. For nearly ten years he sailed and raced this yacht when the class was "going strong" at the upper end of the Bay. When the "Resolute" was built in 1914 for the defence of the America's Cup, and was managed by R. W. Emmons, 2nd, and sailed by Charles F. Adams, Parkinson was chosen as one of her amateur crew and sailed on her during the trials and also during her series against the "Shamrock IV" in 1920. From 1922 to 1924 he was Fleet Captain of the New York Yacht Club, and usually raced with Com. Harold S. Vanderbilt during those years, and thereafter, on the schooner "Vagrant." He was on her when she won the Astor and King's Cups last summer.

In 1923 he had a small schooner of the Malabar type built, named the "Mary Ann," and in her he has cruised extensively. That same year he sailed her in the Bermuda Race.

He is a member of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs and of the Cruising Club of America.

The Tampa Bay-Bies get off in a bunch.

Tampa Bay Regatta Thrills Thousands

A New World's Record in the 151-Class One of Many Exciting Features of the Three-Day Regatta of the Davis Islands Yacht Club

By SAMUEL WETHERILL

PRIOR to the month of March, 1926, the east coast of Florida was absorbing all the glory when it came to motor boat racing. But by the end of the three-day regatta held in Tampa Bay on March 4th, 5th and 6th, by the Davis Islands Yacht Club, the west coast had drawn even with its eastern neighbors by pulling off a highly successful series of races, attended by many nationally known yachtsmen, participated in by nationally known racing craft, and viewed by tens of thousands of cheering spectators, who lined the shores of the Davis Islands Marine Speedway to see a world's record broken, boats on fire and "hell diving," and some of the closest racing on record in many sizes and types of high speed craft.

The opening day of the regatta, Thursday, March 4th, was devoted to water sports, aquaplaning, diving, and a sailing race between four boats of the Fish Class of the St. Petersburg Y. C., which, on account of a lack of wind and lack of speed, did little except to whet the appetites of the spectators for the more spectacular performances of the fast motor driven craft.

On Friday, the 5th, four one-design outboard motor craft opened the real racing, *Bang* finally winning the 2-mile contest by one second in a hair-raising finish over *Baby Buzz*, with the others trailing.

The next event, a 10-mile race for the Tampa Bay-Bies, was a flivver, as the professional drivers were all tardy at the start, *T-J 6* having pretty much of a walk-over. These Tampa Bay-Bies, 21-ft. V-bottom speedsters designed by Hacker and powered by Scripps, were provided by D. P. Davis, the sponsor of the regatta, and later proved to be one of the big hits of the meet.

The first heat of the 725 cu. in. class brought out a fine field of starters. *Baby Hawkeye* sprinted over the starting line ahead of the fleet, and held her lead throughout the race, completing the 10-mile course at the rate of 41.7 miles an hour, with *Baby Subdivision*, *Miss Hasty*, *100 Lakes* and two or three more trailing.

The first heat for the 151 class was a thriller. *Smiling Dan III*, the peppy little California hydro which had just hung up a world's record at the Palm Beach regatta, lead the bunch at the first turn, and looked as if she were good for a win. But all of a sudden, on the second lap, she was challenged and passed by *Miss Spitfire IV*, a craft which she had easily defeated at Palm Beach. Both boats were going at a furious clip, closely pursued by *See Me Go*, and

Miss Clearwater, winner 725 class runabouts.

A close start in the 725 class.

The 151 class was out in force at Tampa Bay.

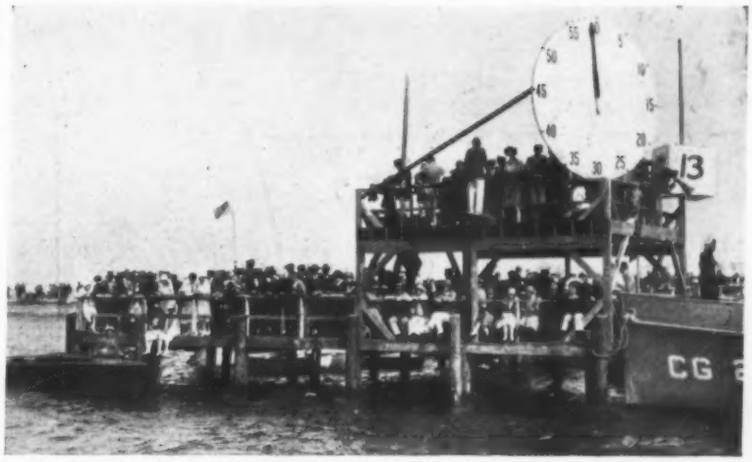
finally the little *Miss Spitfire* dashed across the line a winner, with *Smiling Dan* second, and *See Me Go* third. When the times were figured out, it was announced that all three of the first boats had beaten the world's record, *Miss Spitfire* being clocked at the rate of 40.6 miles an hour for the 10-mile course, a record which none of the boats were able to approach in later heats.

In the 510 cu. in. class, *Streak-O'-Paint*, the Winter Haven flier, made a runaway race of it after *Ethel XI*, the world's champion, came to grief on the first turn and withdrew. *Miss Pageland* was a poor second, with several others completely outclassed.

The Tampa Bay-Bies performed better in their next heat, getting away to a good start, and finishing with a rush. *T-J 6* won again, with *T-J 1* and *T-J 10* well up, and the others trailing.

In a free-for-all race *Miss Tampa*, D. P. Davis' Gold Cup contender, made a nice start and, running beautifully, won easily over *Miss Clearwater* and several others. *Baby Hawkeye* was doing well until she caught fire and withdrew.

The racing of the second day was brought to a close



The Judges' Stand at the Davis Islands course, showing starting clock.

by the Yachtsmen's Race, in which the Tampa Bay-Bies were piloted by yachtsmen from various localities. Hugh Gunnison, of New York, in *T-J 6*, won easily, with Walter Wilde, the Peoria veteran, in *T-J 10*, grabbing second place from Sam Wetherill, of New York, in *T-J 1*. These three boats were easily the fastest of the fleet, the Bay-Bies having arrived but a few days previous, many of them showing a lack of proper tuning up. Others who competed were John L. Hacker, of Detroit, Commodore J. C. Thorner, of Buffalo, W. McP. Bigelow, of Easton, Md., Chap Hanley, of Muscatine, Iowa, Wilbur Young, New York, and Commodore J. P. Cosden.

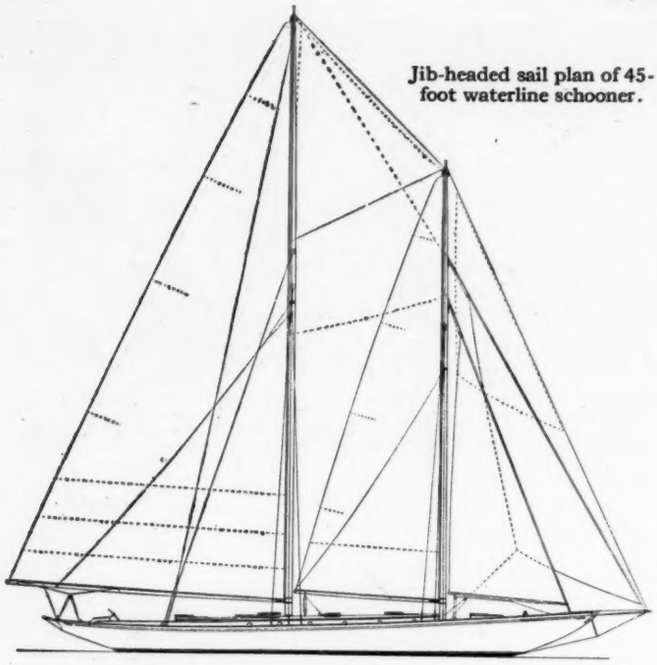
The 725 class provided some spirited racing on the last day, a large field of starters crossing the line in two different heats. *Miss Clearwater* took both heats by clever starting and speedy and consistent running. *Miss Lake Jem* finished second in both heats. Other contenders were *Baby Subdivision*, *Baby Hawkeye*, *100 Lakes*, *Miss Hasty* and *Murok*.

Streak-O'-Paint continued her winning habit in the 510 class, doing the 10 miles in 15 minutes, 39 seconds, with *Miss Pageland* second. *Ethel XI* seemed to be the fastest of the bunch, going great guns in spurts, but finally withdrawing with motor trouble.

Miss Spitfire failed to run in her best form in her second start, taking second place to *Smiling Dan*, which covered the course at 39 m. p. h.

(*Continued on page 121*)

The Regatta Circuit Riders storm Davis Island. D. P. Davis is standing in the rear, others in the group ere Andy Paterson, W. Bruns, R. Wastcoat, Com. Thorner, D. C. Gillette, S. Wetherill, A. Y. Milan, J. W. Connors, Ira Hand, H. R. Sutphen, Wilbur Young, John Hacker, L. Thompson, Com. Cosden.



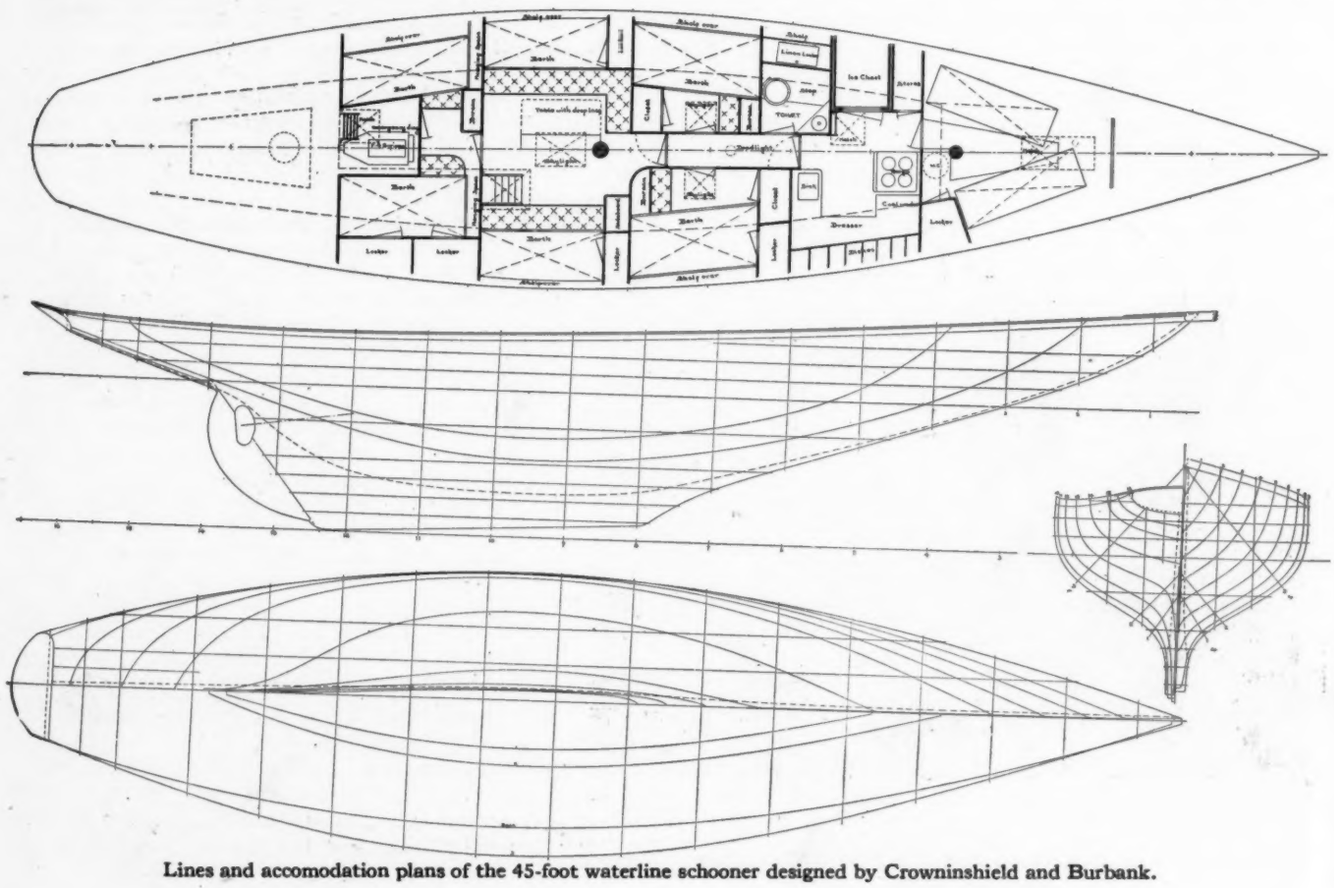
Jib-headed sail plan of 45-foot waterline schooner.

Plan of staysail rig for the same schooner.

A Fast Cruising Schooner

A THOROUGHLY modern, fast cruising schooner is shown in the accompanying plans from the board of Crowninshield and Burbank, naval architects of Boston, Mass., which should appeal to yachtsmen who admire the "yachty" type in preference to the so-called "semi-fisherman" type which has become so fashionable the past few years. With her moderate freeboard, sweet sheer, and ends carried well out, she looks somewhat like a racer. Yet an examination of the plans will show generous displacement, good deadrise in all sections, and long, sweeping sailing lines which augur well for her behavior in all kinds of going. Half her ballast will be outside, and the other half inside, the deep sections allowing plenty of space for ballast stowage, a 200 gallon water tank, etc.

A glance at the interior layout shows excellent cruising accommodations, with a double stateroom, two single staterooms, main saloon, large galley, separate engine

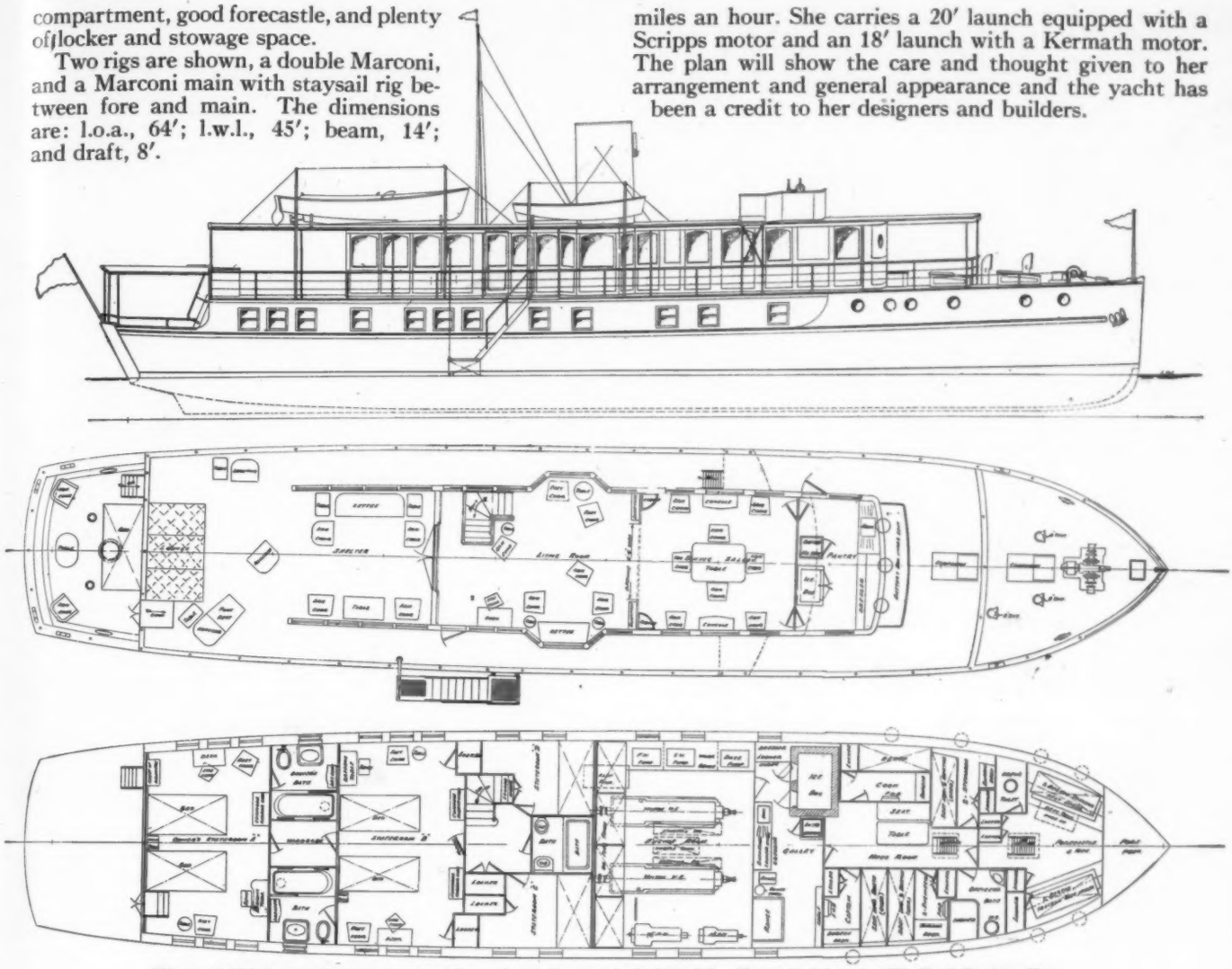


Lines and accomodation plans of the 45-foot waterline schooner designed by Crowninshield and Burbank.

compartment, good forecastle, and plenty of locker and stowage space.

Two rigs are shown, a double Marconi, and a Marconi main with staysail rig between fore and main. The dimensions are: l.o.a., 64′; l.w.l., 45′; beam, 14′; and draft, 8′.

miles an hour. She carries a 20′ launch equipped with a Scripps motor and an 18′ launch with a Kermath motor. The plan will show the care and thought given to her arrangement and general appearance and the yacht has been a credit to her designers and builders.



Plans of 100-foot twin-screw motor houseboat *Samuri*, designed by Tams & King for W. Earl Dodge, Esq.

The Twin-Screw Houseboat *Samuri*

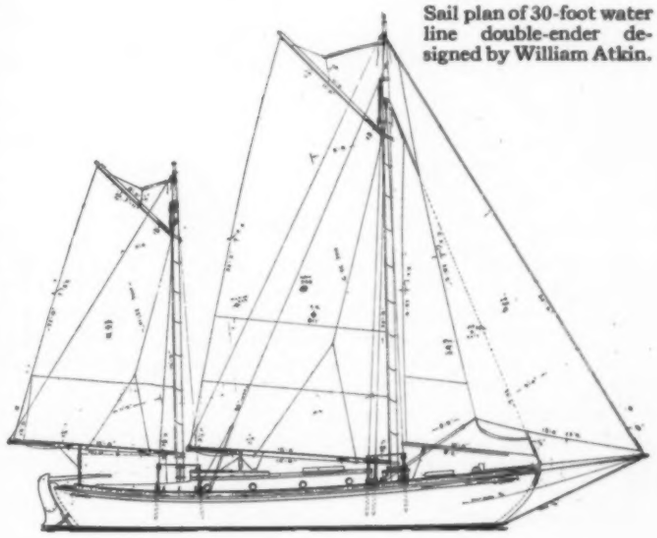
THROUGH the courtesy of her designers, Tams and King, we present the plans of Mr. W. Earl Dodge's new twin-screw motor houseboat *Samuri*.

This yacht was built by the Mathis Yacht Building Company and was delivered to her owner last fall and immediately proceeded south. After her trip down, Captain Ray Otwell, in command, wrote her designers as follows: "She is, without doubt, one of the finest houseboats that has been built. She will go in the shoalest water with the least inconvenience of any boat of her size I ever saw, and handles like a good tug boat. Her hull is exceptionally strong. With all the pounding we received on the way down, none of the seams were sprung. Mr. Dodge is well pleased with her performance in every way and well he can be. Of course there are some minor difficulties we ran into, which can be remedied at a trifling expense. Our longest run down was 302 nautical miles, from Southport to St. John's Bar, in 31 hours, half way bucking a heavy southwest sea, in one continuous outside run — excellent, I should say."

There is an unusual amount of room below and on deck and her layout is excellent. She is 100′ long o.a., 20′ beam and has a draft of 3′ 6″. She is equipped with two Winton gasoline engines of 125 h.p. each and under ordinary weather conditions she has a speed of from 12½ to 13

Dragon, a Ketch-Rigged Double Ender

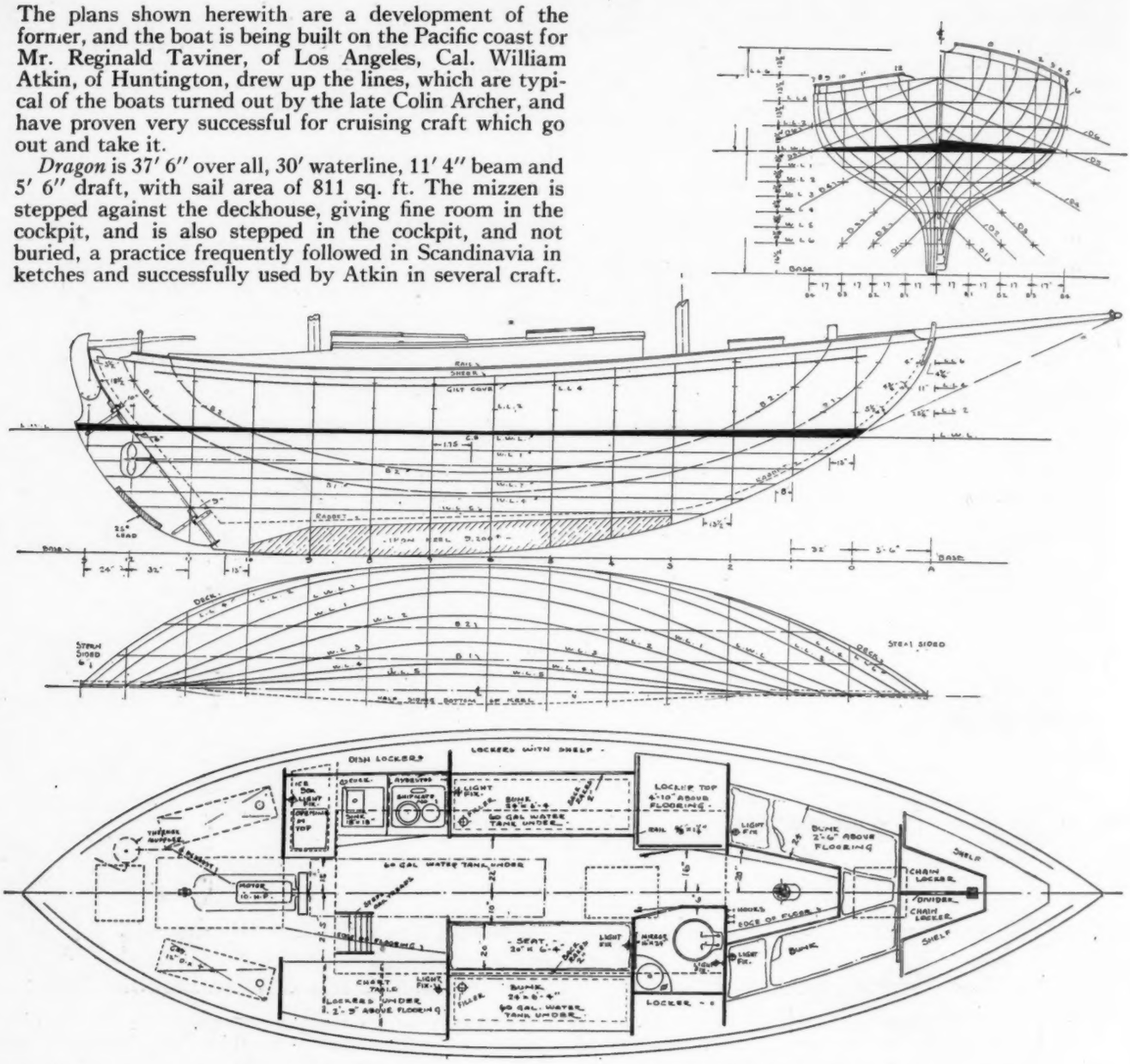
MANY readers of YACHTING will remember the plans of the three double-ended ketches, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, which appeared in the November, 1924, issue.



Sail plan of 30-foot water line double-ender designed by William Atkin.

The plans shown herewith are a development of the former, and the boat is being built on the Pacific coast for Mr. Reginald Taviner, of Los Angeles, Cal. William Atkin, of Huntington, drew up the lines, which are typical of the boats turned out by the late Colin Archer, and have proven very successful for cruising craft which go out and take it.

Dragon is 37′ 6″ over all, 30′ waterline, 11′ 4″ beam and 5′ 6″ draft, with sail area of 811 sq. ft. The mizzen is stepped against the deckhouse, giving fine room in the cockpit, and is also stepped in the cockpit, and not buried, a practice frequently followed in Scandinavia in ketches and successfully used by Atkin in several craft.



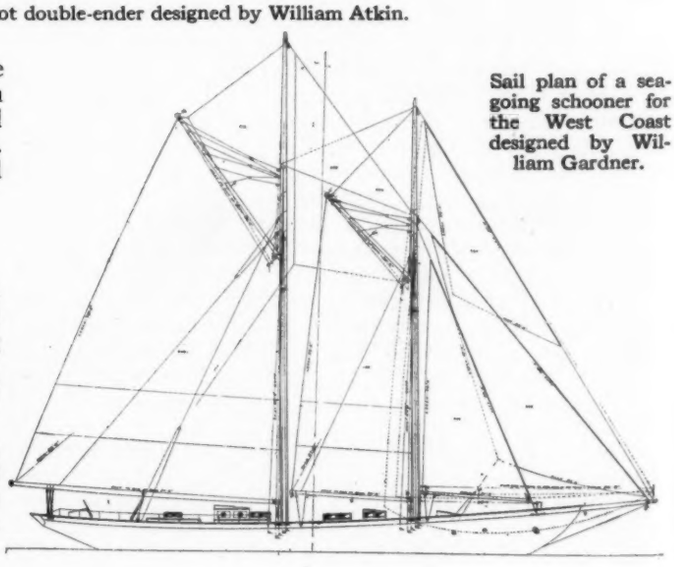
Lines and accommodation plan of 30-foot double-ender designed by William Atkin.

There is excellent room below decks for four people to cruise and live aboard comfortably, with a stateroom forward, main cabin amidships, with toilet room and large locker between the two cabins. The galley is aft. The motor will be a Fay & Bowen Gobest, driving a solid wheel.

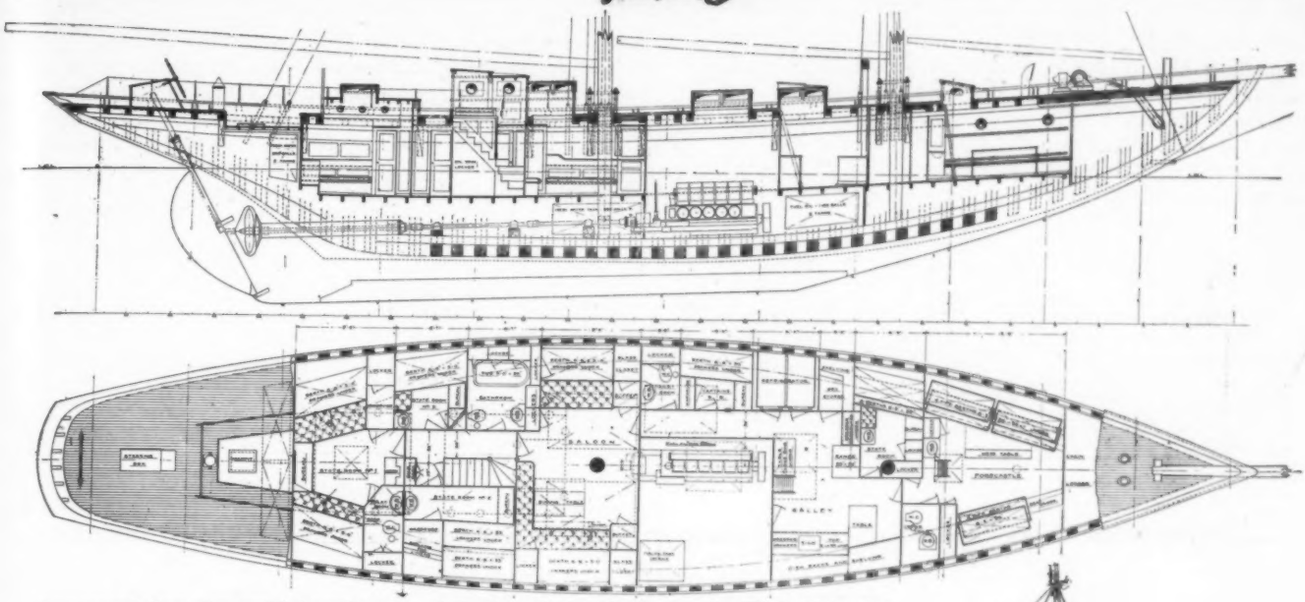
A Seagoing Schooner for the West Coast

A NOTABLE addition to the yachting fleet on the Pacific coast will soon be launched. She is a splendid looking auxiliary schooner, designed by Wm. Gardner & Co., of New York, for W. L. Valentine, of Los Angeles, Cal., and is rapidly nearing completion at the yard of William Muller, Wilmington, Cal.

This husky newcomer is 110′ on deck, 85′ waterline, 23′ 6″ beam and draws 12′ 3″ of water. The construction is especially strong throughout, the keel is lead, and both hull and rig have been designed with a view to comfort and ease of handling on lengthy ocean cruises.



Sail plan of a seagoing schooner for the West Coast designed by William Gardner.



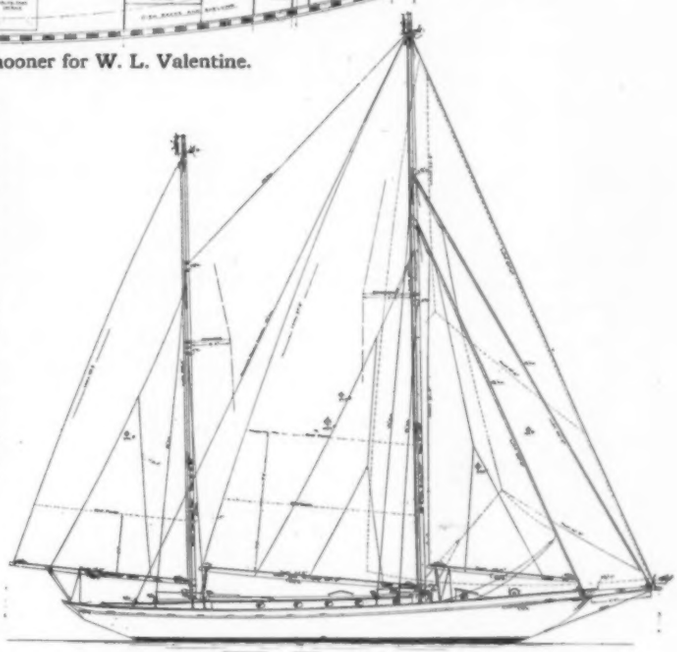
Accommodation plan and inboard profile of Gardner-designed schooner for W. L. Valentine.

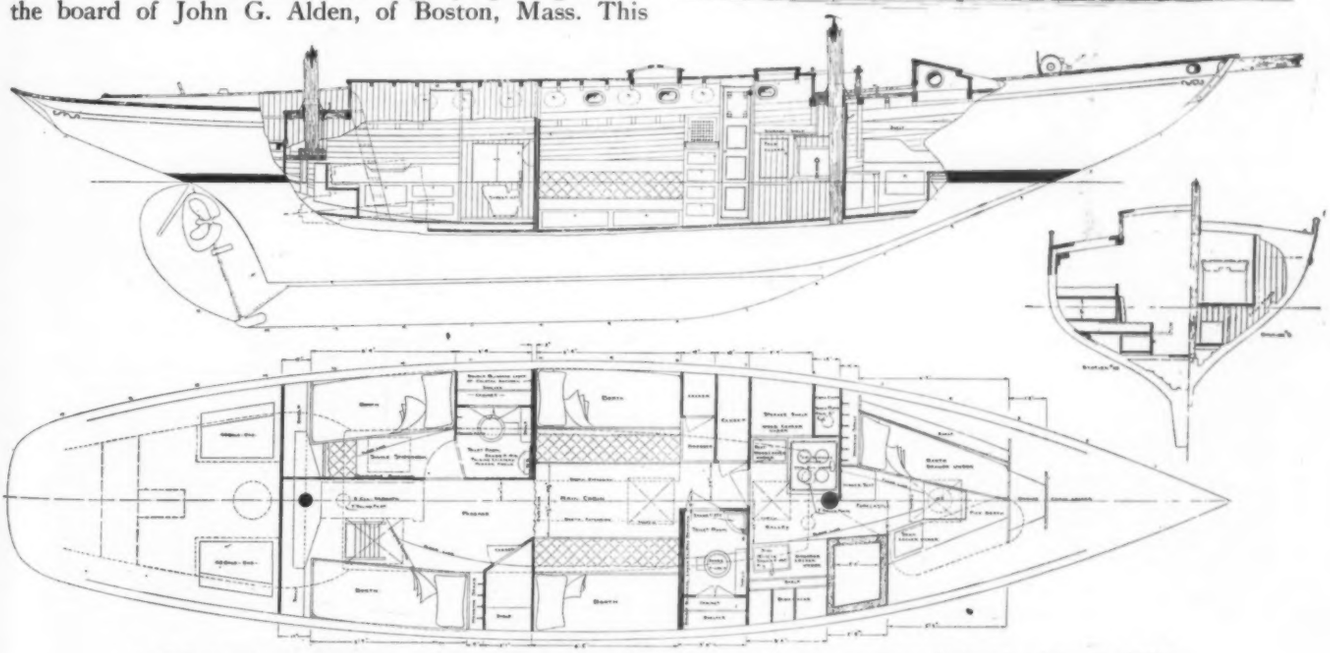
The interior layout shows fine accommodations for nine people in the owner's party, with a captain's stateroom and large forecastle for the crew in addition. All staterooms are fitted with large wardrobes, bureaus and wash basins, and especial attention has been given to provide ventilation throughout the ship. The large galley will be equipped with an oil burning range, large refrigerator and all modern appliances.

The engine room is located on the starboard side amidships, and arranged with a view to having everything readily accessible for overhauls, etc. The propelling power is a six-cylinder Atlas Imperial Diesel engine, driving a 2-bladed feathering propeller. A 10 k.w. lighting plant and large storage batteries will supply current for lighting and the operation of the motor-driven auxiliaries and windlass. Tanks are installed to carry 2,000 gallons of fuel oil and a like amount of water.

A Modern Jib-Headed Ketch

THE modern trend towards ketches with jib-headed rig is well illustrated in the accompanying design from the board of John G. Alden, of Boston, Mass. This



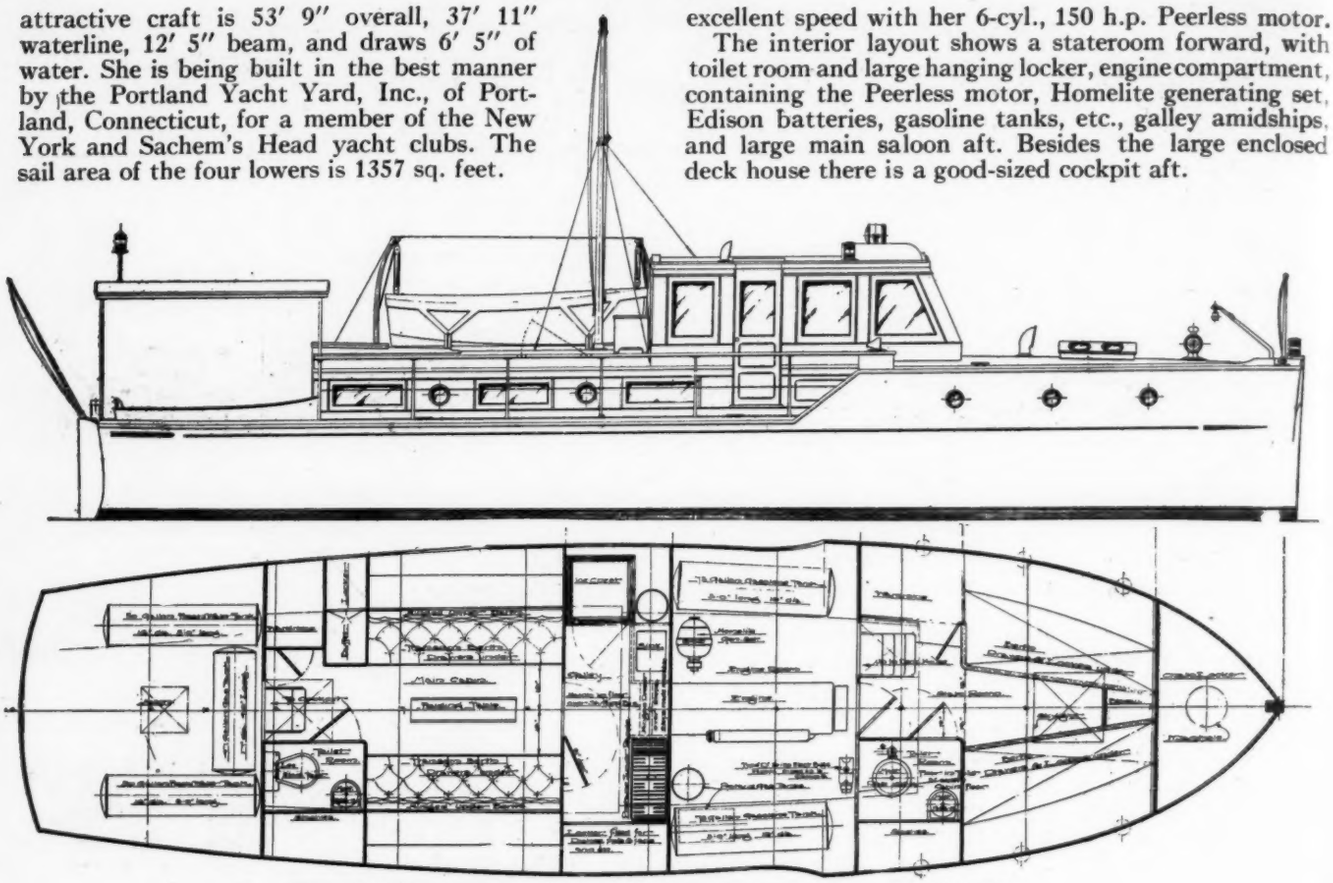


A 36-foot water line auxiliary ketch building at the Portland Yacht Yard, Inc., from designs by John G. Alden.

attractive craft is 53′ 9″ overall, 37′ 11″ waterline, 12′ 5″ beam, and draws 6′ 5″ of water. She is being built in the best manner by the Portland Yacht Yard, Inc., of Portland, Connecticut, for a member of the New York and Sachem's Head yacht clubs. The sail area of the four lowers is 1357 sq. feet.

excellent speed with her 6-cyl., 150 h.p. Peerless motor.

The interior layout shows a stateroom forward, with toilet room and large hanging locker, engine compartment, containing the Peerless motor, Homelite generating set, Edison batteries, gasoline tanks, etc., galley amidships, and large main saloon aft. Besides the large enclosed deck house there is a good-sized cockpit aft.



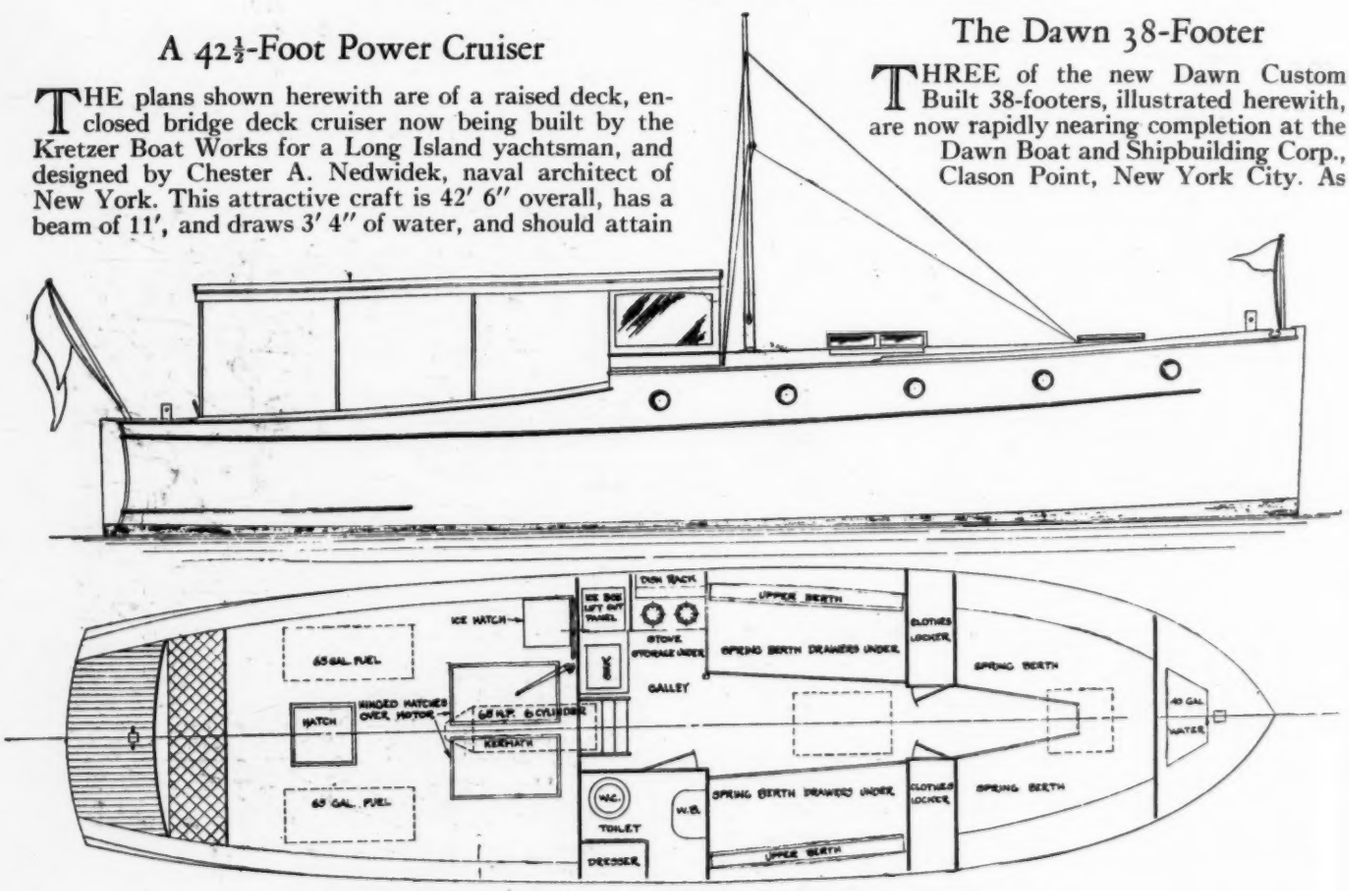
Plans of 42½-foot power cruiser building from designs by Chester A. Nedwidek.

A 42½-Foot Power Cruiser

THE plans shown herewith are of a raised deck, enclosed bridge deck cruiser now being built by the Kretzer Boat Works for a Long Island yachtsman, and designed by Chester A. Nedwidek, naval architect of New York. This attractive craft is 42′ 6″ overall, has a beam of 11′, and draws 3′ 4″ of water, and should attain

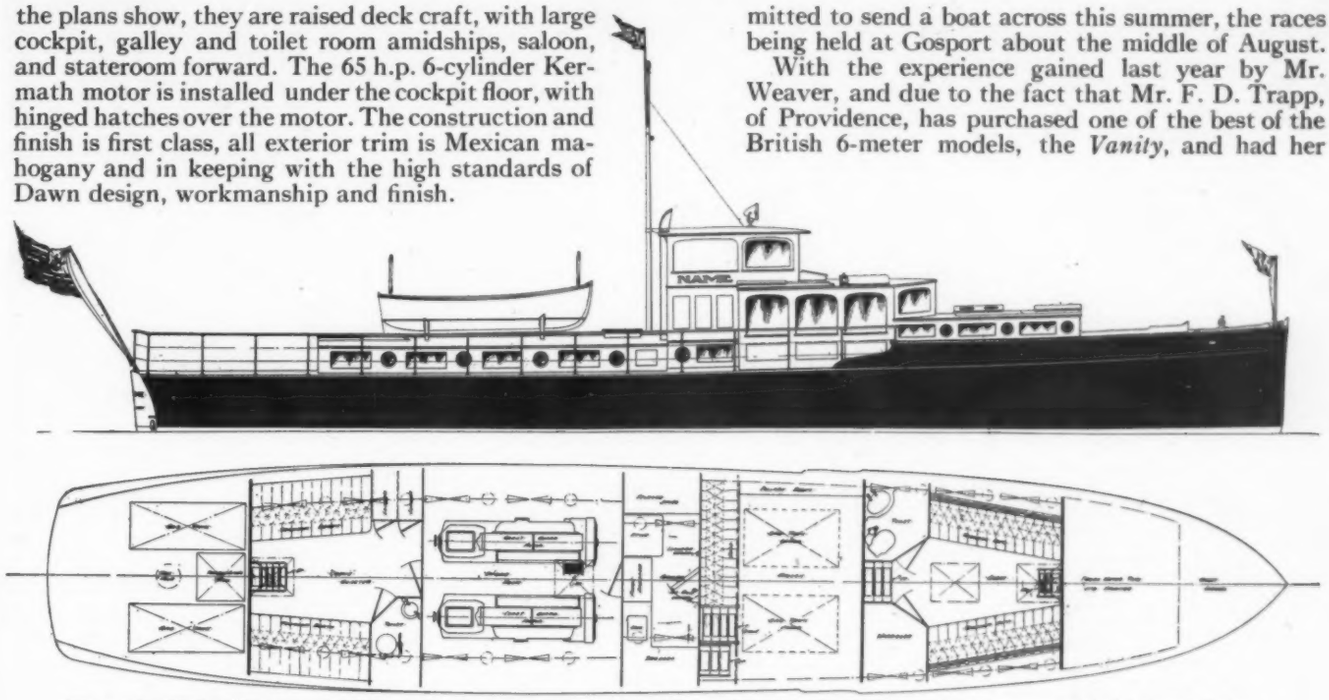
The Dawn 38-Footer

THREE of the new Dawn Custom Built 38-footers, illustrated herewith, are now rapidly nearing completion at the Dawn Boat and Shipbuilding Corp., Clason Point, New York City. As



A custom built 38-footer, designed and built by the Dawn Boat Corporation.

the plans show, they are raised deck craft, with large cockpit, galley and toilet room amidships, saloon, and stateroom forward. The 65 h.p. 6-cylinder Kermath motor is installed under the cockpit floor, with hinged hatches over the motor. The construction and finish is first class, all exterior trim is Mexican mahogany and in keeping with the high standards of Dawn design, workmanship and finish.



Plans of a 65-foot fast commuting yacht, designed and built by the Luders Marine Construction Company for the Great Lakes.

65-Foot High Speed Commuting Yacht

A 65-FOOT high speed power yacht, designed for commuting purposes, is building at the yard of the Luders Marine Construction Company, Stamford, for a Chicago yachtsman who desired seaworthiness as well as speed, as the boat is to be used on the Great Lakes.

The Luders Company, who were also the designers, have turned out a remarkably handsome craft, designed for a speed of 30 statute miles per hour. The hull is of the V-bottom type, somewhat resembling *Kathmar III* by the same designers, and is of mahogany, double planked. The boat is typical of the commuting type with large forward cockpit, followed by a cabin which will comfortably accommodate two people, a large deckhouse dining and living room amidships and crew's quarters aft. The engine room is amidships and power will be supplied by two 300 h.p. Sterling Coast Guard Motors.

Prospect Park Elects Officers

The annual dinner of the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club was held at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, on February 17th and brought out a large attendance from the members of this organization. The new officers elected at the Annual Meeting in January were present, including Commodore Fredk. H. Tucker, who presided, Vice Commodore John Wight, Rear Commodore C. C. Clark, Secretary Walter R. Many, Treasurer Charles Wanker.

America Challenges for British Model Cup

MODEL Yachtsmen will remember that the Model Yacht Racing Association of America challenged for the Yachting Monthly Cup in 1925, and that Joe Weaver went across with his model *Slipper* and raced for the cup at Gosport, where he was defeated.

As a number of new 6-meter models built to the British rule have been turned out since last year, principally in the Boston, Prospect Park and Providence Model Yacht Clubs, the members of the Association desired to challenge again this year, and one was sent in behalf of this country early in February. This means that we are committed to send a boat across this summer, the races being held at Gosport about the middle of August.

With the experience gained last year by Mr. Weaver, and due to the fact that Mr. F. D. Trapp, of Providence, has purchased one of the best of the British 6-meter models, the *Vanity*, and had her shipped to this country to use as a trial horse, we ought to do better than we did last year. This British boat, exhibited at the time of the annual dinner of the Prospect Park Model Yacht Club, is much larger than any of our previous boats built under this rule and more powerful, although she is not as fine lined as Bull's *Polka Dot II*, or John Black's *Bostonia*. A picture of her accompanies this article.

Mr. Trapp has generously offered to turn the boat over to the Association to use as a trial horse and an opportunity will be given the New York, Boston and Providence candidates to sail against her during the spring. Everyone must get behind this challenge this year and put it across in proper style.

Vanity, a successful British 6-meter model recently purchased by F. D. Trapp for use here as a trial horse for the British *Yachting Monthly* cup challenger.

In the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

THE proposed changes in the rules governing the Gloucester-Portland Auxiliary Race for this year are interesting, and for the most part, look like moves in the right direction, with one exception — the matter of gasoline allowance. In an effort to make it a more even thing between boats of different sizes, the committee has decided to allow boats under 35 ft. overall length 10 gallons of gas for the course, and boats over 35 ft. 15 gallons of gas. In other words, they are basing the gasoline allowance on size of boat, and not on size of motor. This seems to me to be all wrong. For instance: Take two boats with identical motors, one boat 34 ft. long, and the other boat 36 ft. long. The 36-ft. boat gets half as much gas again as a boat only 2 ft. shorter! In the natural course of events, the 36-ft. boat is going to knock the tar out of the boat only 2 ft. shorter, as she can go half again as far as the smaller boat under power, or practically that far. I fail to see the justice of this. My idea would be to make the gasoline allowance on the basis of the size of the *motors*, and not the boats. This should be easy — the cu. in. cylinder capacity of any make of motor is readily obtainable — and a far more equitable method for allowance of gas. The 10 minutes per foot time allowance is based on the size of the boat. Then let the gas allowance be based on the size of the motor. Anyone having doped out any other simple method of handicapping is invited to send it in — maybe the Bayside crowd are struggling with the same problem, and would welcome suggestions.

* * *

The merits and demerits of shoal draft and deep draft sailing craft have been pretty thoroughly thrashed out at the last two informal meetings of the Cruising Club. At the first meeting, Messrs. Crabbe, Howard and Mower gave very interesting talks relative to the seagoing qualities of shoal draft boats. At the second meeting, John Alden, Fritz Fenger, Billy Atkin, Fred Thurber, Marty Kattenhorn, and several others, discussed the question from the deep draft viewpoint. This second meeting was much more illuminating than the first. Most of the speakers admitted certain advantages of the shoal draft boats, but leaned towards keel craft. A few radicals cussed out centerboarders for fair, while no one had much to say against the keels. Summing up the whole thing, the consensus of opinion was that while the shoal draft boat had some very good points, and deserved its place in the sun, *for going to sea* there was no substitute for a boat of good draft, with a reasonable amount of outside ballast. So there you are, mates. If your cruising conditions make a shoal draft boat a necessity, all's well. But if you're going to sea, or expect to do offshore cruising, get a keel boat.

* * *

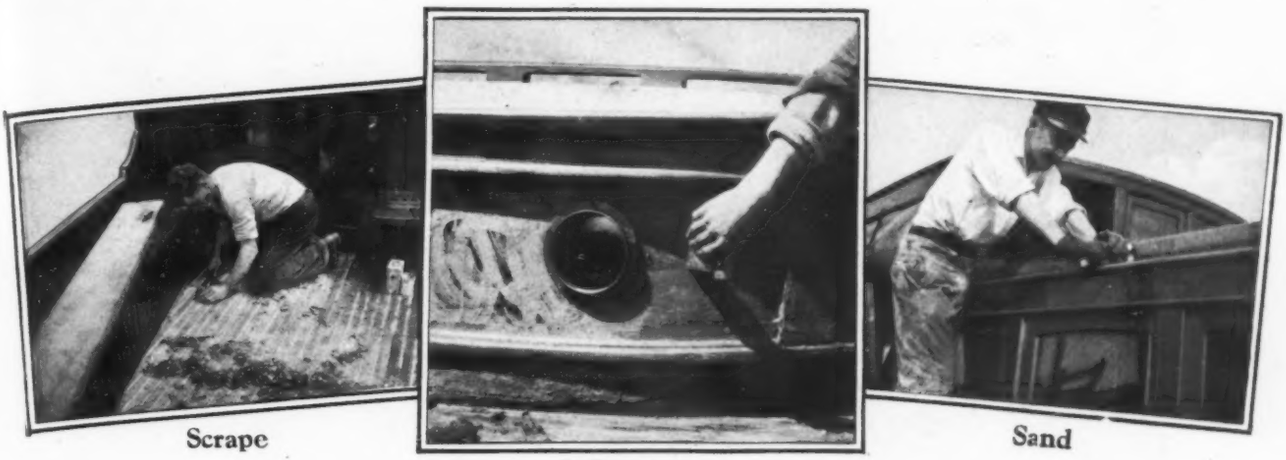
In a very short time, yachtsmen along the Atlantic coast will have a chance to glimpse the King of Singlehanders — Harry Pidgeon, Himself. Yes, and Harry's globe-encircling yawl *Islander*, too. Through the efforts of members of the Cruising Club of America, Harry has been induced to make the trip eastward, and bring *Islander* with him — on the deck of a steamer. Before the end of April *Islander* will be moored somewhere near New York — probably City Island — for all to see and go aboard, while Harry has promised to give an account of his trip to members of the C. C. at their April meeting. I wouldn't miss either — seeing *Islander*, or hearing Harry. And there'll be a record attendance at that April meeting, or I miss my guess

* * *

I'm sorry to see that, so far, the little Bermuda yawl *Dainty* hasn't entered this year's Bermuda Race. She was the smallest boat in the last two races, and did mighty well in both of them. In 1923 she finished second on corrected time, all boats in one class, for the Bermuda Cup, and was well up in the fleet in 1924, even if she didn't win a prize. She is a game little ship, with a game crew, and I hope she'll be at the line again on June 20th. This may be her year — who knows?

* * *

The striking similarity between the Sound Interclub boats, designed by Mower, and the Marblehead class, turned out by Alden, shows what happens when two of our best present-day designers strive to produce craft to meet almost identical requirements — the boats not only look alike, but differ by only a matter of inches in their dimensions. There is talk of having a team race between the two classes. It ought to be a mighty even affair. The Alden boats are a shade smaller, and carry a few feet less sail. But the slight gain which the Mower boats make in the matter of size is more or less offset by the fact that the Alden craft have about 500 lbs. more ballast, hollow masts and airplane rigging. Whichever craft wins won't triumph by any great margin, and both boats are shining examples of the right type of one-design boat to boost racing, day sailing and short cruising in small craft.



Scrape — Remove — Sand

New Boats for Old with Valspar

SPRING days are here—busy days for proud boat-owners! Scraping, sanding, painting—there's a lot of work to be done before the "pride of your heart" is ready to glide into the water, bright and shining in her new dress.

When it comes to refinishing you might well follow the example of leading yachtsmen and boat-builders the world over, who invariably use Valspar because they know that Valspar is the water-proof, weather-proof and wear resisting varnish.

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Photos by M. Rosenfeld, N. Y.

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Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

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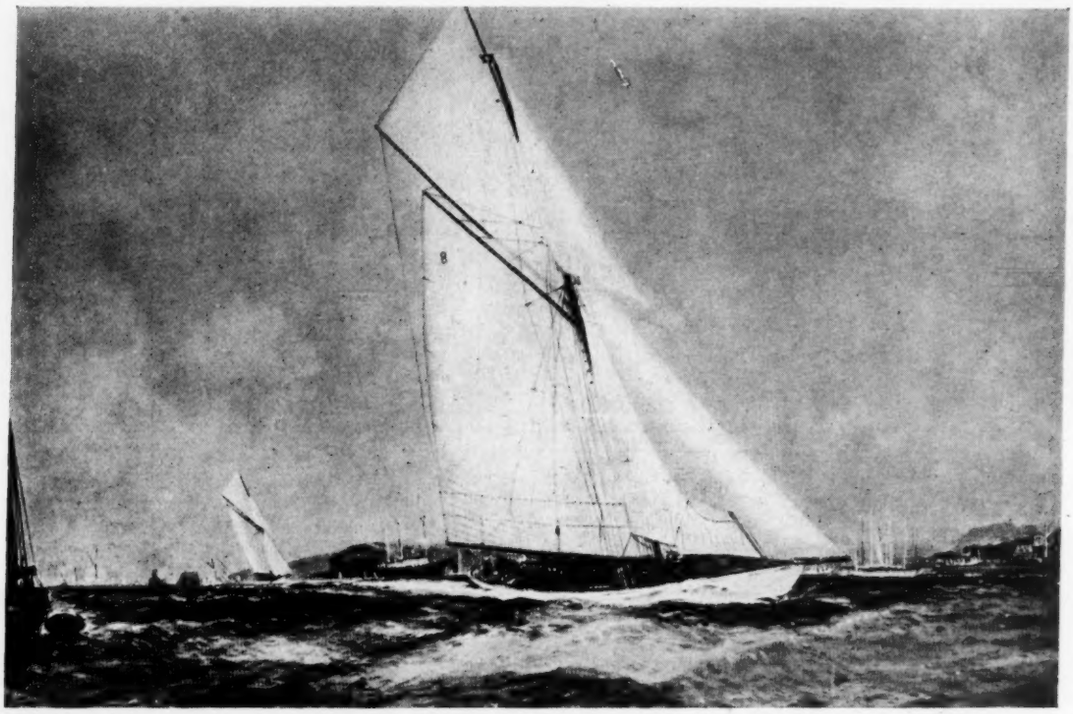


The *Moonbeam* winning the King's Cup at Cowes, 1920, from a painting by Frank H. Mason in *Yachts and Yachting in Contemporary Art.*

Yachts and Yachting in Contemporary Art

A Review by Elliot Snow, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

YACHTSMEN experience a call peculiarly their own when "the breezes are calling the sails" and to each of these lovers of the royal sport

"Nothing is lost on him that sees
With an eye that feeling gave —
For him there's a story in every breeze
A picture in every wave."

In Mr. Heckstall-Smith's beautiful volume, *Yachts and Yachting in Contemporary Art*, the author has told and pictured the stories heard in every sort of breeze, since Prince Maurice of Nassau from the deck of his yacht — an odd looking craft — gazed upon the arrival of Prince Palatine Frederick V at Flushing, May, 1613.

From that day on until about 1880 the principal method of depicting the sport and play grounds of yachtsmen was by means of prints — wood cuts or lithographs — made after sketches especially prepared by copying the handiwork of marine artists. The art of the camera finds no place in this volume.

The illustrations, over a hundred in all, of which nearly one quarter are most artistic color prints, are taken in part from the works of old Dutch painters. They enable one to trace "by the eye," the types and rigs of Royal Yachts back to the period of Charles II and forward to our own time and day. Many of the lithographs and old prints, apart from purely technical design drawings and lines, are the *only records left* to us of the appearance of many famous yachts.

The three great changes that have been wrought upon British yachts since the introduction of *yachting* into England upon the arrival there of the *Princess Mary* are traced through and explained simply enough for a layman to grasp. The first change came about through the memorable race of August 22, 1851, when the yacht *America* won the cup from the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. The second resulted from placing the lead ballast outside of the hull, about 1880, and the last by the "pramming" out of both bow and stern and cutting away the forefoot with a gradual lengthening overall but shortening on the water line.

The author, who succeeded Mr. Dixon Kemp, a world-known writer on yachts and yachting, as yachting editor of the London *Field*, has written many works, technical and popular, dealing with this type of craft. His words bear, accordingly, the weight of an expert. He tells at considerable length of the remarkable careers of the *Princess Mary* and the *America*. It was in February 1689 that the *Princess Mary*, with her royal freight, was escorted from Holland by the Fleet under the Lord High Admiral.

The *Princess Mary*, after a varied career as a pleasure craft of the King, became a British transport during the Crimean War. She decended to the rank of a coal carrier — remained *Betsy Cairns* and was lost upon the Black Middens at the mouth of the Tyne. Of her Dr. Sheldon McKenzie wrote:

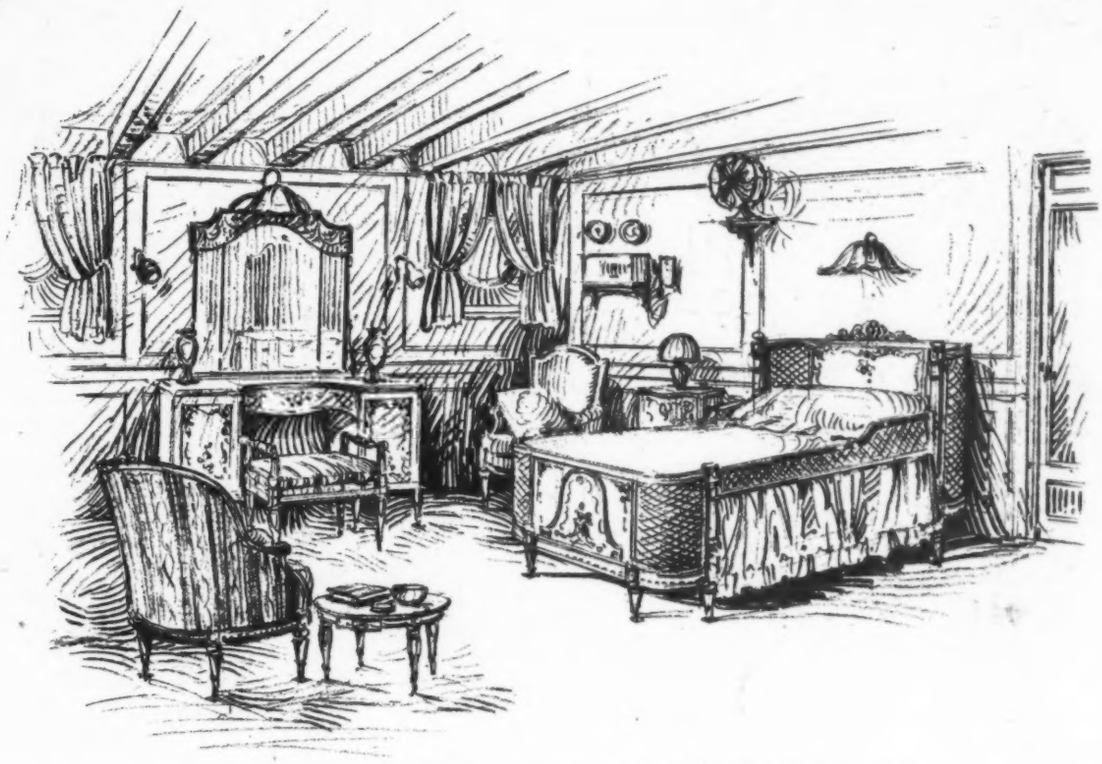
"Behold the fate of sublunary things;
She exports coal who once imported kings!"

It is not necessary here to repeat the career of the *America*, but it is worth while to point out with what true British sporting instinct "Mr. Punch" of London took such a popular view when she won the cup. He said,

"Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole squadron she outsped
And on their own water,
Of all the lot she went ahead
And they came nowhere 'arter."

If any cocksure amateur claims that Admiral Schank of the Royal Navy first fitted a boat with a sliding keel (1774) this book may be cited to show "that Pizzaro in 1531 fell in with a curious raft, or balsa, on the coast of South America with a sort of crude wooden sliding keel" and that William Bourne invented, in 1578, a similar device.

It is a truism that "rivalry between yachtsmen is the soul of the sport." To those who indulge in this game and challenge for a thousand on a casual remark, the price of this book, $15.75, out of England, will seem but a penny. (*Yachts and Yachting in Contemporary Art*, The Studio, Ltd., London.)



Guest Stateroom, Yacht ARA. Appointments by New York Galleries, Inc.

The secret of success in getting the most out of your ship's accommodations lies in creating an effect of spaciousness within the necessarily limited dimensions of the cabin and staterooms.

¶ This effect can best be achieved through the skillful arrangement of properly designed furniture, lighting fixtures and other decorative details before an appropriate background.

¶ Then, and then only, will you realize that it is entirely practicable to enjoy aboard your yacht the same comfort and convenience, and even luxury, to which you are accustomed ashore.

¶ With every facility for producing in its own shops the appointments most suitable for your particular yacht, this organization of decorators and cabinet-makers is well qualified to execute such work in a manner which will prove as satisfactory to you as it already has to a number of prominent yachtsmen.

¶ You will entail no obligation in viewing the exhibits at the Galleries and discussing with us the decorative possibilities of your craft.

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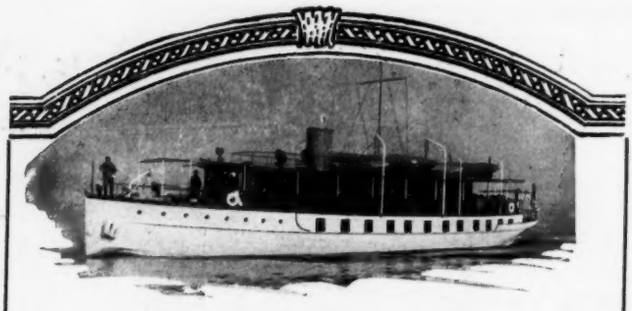


92-Foot Houseboat

"TROUBADOUR"

Mr. Webb Jay's Wonder Boat

¶ Mr. Webb Jay takes little for granted; he wanted to see what the Mathis-designed and -built houseboat "Troubadour" would do outside, with comfort to his guests. His party of six, and the whole crew, were astounded to realize that despite December seas it had made the whole distance from Morehead City down to Fernandina in 34 hours. *For there had been no sacrifice of comfort.*

¶ Just as surprising to the party of six in the guest quarters and the crew was the 24-hour record between St. Augustine and Miami — an outside run, because dredging blocked the inside route.

¶ If you want more detailed information regarding this new "wonder-boat" type of houseboat, rivaling yachts in speed and seaworthiness, yet possessing a degree of comfort to which no yacht of less than 115 ft. length can aspire, we shall be glad to furnish it.

MATHIS YACHT BUILDING CO.

Specialists in Houseboats and Cruisers from 40 to 120 feet

Front & Erie Streets, Camden, New Jersey

New York to Nassua in *Flying Cloud*

(*Continued from page 43*)

him and the United Fruit Company expressing our gratitude.

At 8 A.M. November 1st, we were on the parallel of Brunswick, Ga., and 336 miles off shore. At 3 A.M. the bos'n's locker was called on for a new log line. The old one showed signs of wear and a new line and spinner were streamed. Between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. we ran south, on the 75th meridian, 85 miles, an average of a little over 7 knots, with trysail and forestaysail and the wind at 10 to 15 miles from the east and abeam. This was delightful sailing. The weather was warm, we were under easy sail making from 6 to 8 knots hour after hour. We had an occasional shower, then again the blue sky above us and always the "blue water" around us. The same easterly held Sunday night and on Monday, November 2nd, the deck log says, one record breaking hour netted us 11 knots. Anyhow, whether that 11 knots is true or not, whatever was blowing did not awaken me.

At 9.30 A.M. Monday we at last aroused ourselves from this delightful reverie, stowed the trysail and with the forestaysail, set the jib and reefed mainsail.

The wind was about 10 miles, but no one suggested shaking out that reef. The next hour we logged 8.5 miles. From 8 A.M. Monday to 8 P.M. we made 79 miles more southing. At 3 P.M. Monday, all hands were loafing in the cockpit, when the cook came on deck. In alarm someone gave a shout. The cook had shaved. That started a general brain storm. Atwater began to quote poetry. Nels brought Kipling's poems from the bookcase. Then we all shaved. Disaster, not long deferred, was the result. Soon the breeze began to fail. At 11 P.M. we were without steerage way. For twelve long hours it was so. It was a lesson. Nobody shaved after that. No more Kipling; no more of Atwater's poetry. We could not hold the main boom, so the mainsail was stowed.

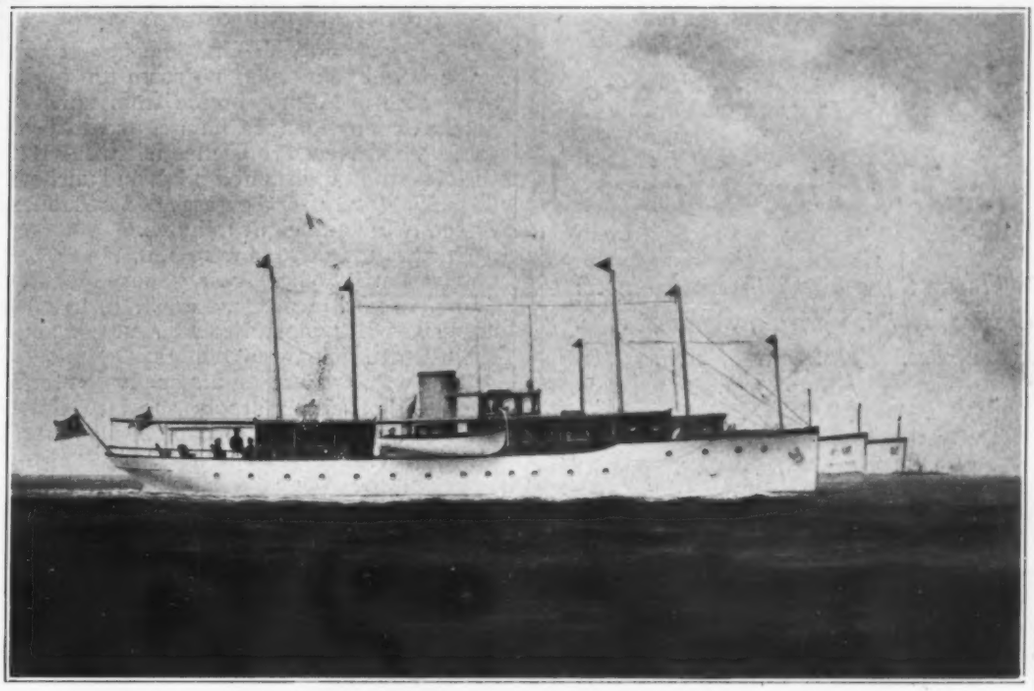
At 5 A.M. Tuesday there was no wind but we hauled up the trysail to dry. That trysail meant luck always. A zephyr came from the S.S.W. At 9.45 we shook the reef out of the mainsail and set the sail. But some one insisted it was the owl that brought us the breeze. At 5 A.M. an owl had come on board. He was very tired and frightened.

From the time the wind came we began the most interesting part of the passage, namely, thinking of our land fall. The question was no longer "How far have we come?" but "How far are we from Hole-in-the-Wall?"

At noon on Tuesday, November 3rd, *Flying Cloud* was 100 miles northeast by east from Hole-in-theWall. This meant 77 miles to the eastward of our objective. Much of this we wanted to hold for two reasons. The prevailing winds in these latitudes at this time of year are easterly, and besides this there is a very strong current setting to the northwest around Elbow Key, some 35 miles north of Hole-in-the-Wall. If we were caught close in shore, without a breeze, we might need more than a Johnson outboard and two gallons of gas to keep *Flying Cloud* off the eastern end of Great Abaco Island. But we had no cause for worry. The wind hauled to N.N.W. during the few remaining hours before we made our landfall, with a velocity of from 8 to 15 knots.

So, planning to hold enough of our easterly position for any emergency, at noon the course was shaped S. by W. and held until 8 P.M. It had been a perfect day. We had logged 5 to 8 knots over a beautiful sea and under an azure sky. And now at 6 P.M., Nels, taking his sextant in hand and leaning against the crutch, in just 12 minutes shot two planets and two stars and by crossing them all got a perfect fix. We were exactly 57 miles from Great Abaco Light, commonly called Hole-in-the-Wall.

This observation showed that the current drift to the northwest for the preceding six hours had been nine miles,



A YACHT PROPOSAL

THE above illustration shows three of the new Gielow designed, 100-foot, all steel, Diesel powered sea going yachts. These boats are being built in one of the largest shipbuilding plants in the country under the personal supervision of Gielow engineers.

By building on a quantity production basis, these yachts are being offered at prices heretofore deemed impossible. Each boat has three luxurious staterooms, with private baths; spacious living and dining rooms.

The power plant contains Diesel engines of the latest approved type and ample fuel capacity giving a large cruising radius.

Deliveries can be made in five months from date of contract.

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Everything Needed We Carry in Stock—Tools and Equipment, Paint, Varnish, Calking Irons, Scrapers, Torches, Paint and Varnish Removers, etc.

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List Price $8.00

A ceiling fixture for the yacht with sufficient headroom where the soft glow of the frosted glass will be appreciated. Cut floral design on bottom of globe.

Another bulkhead fixture of more simple design for yachts of plainer finish or those furnished in period style.

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TOPPING BROTHERS
***159 Varick Street,* NEW YORK**

at the rate of a knot and a half per hour. The breeze picked up after 8 o'clock. Soon we were making eight and almost nine knots, course S.W. We had yet about 45 miles of easterly position. The light is visible 20 miles. The night was clear, and at 12.45 Kelly swarmed up the mast hoops to the spreaders. At 1.15 o'clock he somewhat proudly announced that he saw a light, just as though he had built it or something. But he said the interval was not sixty seconds, but ten. "Never mind," said I, "Lay below. It's Hole-in-the-Wall all right. They have changed it." And so it proved. That fine star fix at 6 o'clock, only seven hours before, left no room for doubt. We held on S.W. with a 12-knot breeze from north by west down northeast Providence Channel and at 8 A.M. November 4th, sighted New Providence Island. At 11.15 we crossed the Nassau Bar without a pilot, and anchored off the New Colonial Hotel after a passage of 1,148 miles in eight days, fifteen hours and eight minutes.

Our best day's runs were 180, 174, 172, 166 miles, our poorest day 64 miles. Average speed for the passage, 5.53 knots. From 8 A.M. October. 27th, to noon the average speed was 8.12 knots. From 8 A.M. to noon, October 28th, the average speed was 8 knots.

This was, I assert, an unusually comfortable passage of over a thousand miles in the late October and early November. It was so for two reasons: first, the boat; and second, the fact that she was not asked to lug sail.

Permit me to pay a tribute to my crew. More skillful or more delightful shipmates no man could desire.

The Eggs of the Leviathan

(*Continued from page 35*)

frequently leaped clear of the sea to the height of the royal yard, and again raced at terrific speed away from the ship in a frenzied zig-zag, spouting tons of what I presume, in the circumstances, were tears, and, ever and anon, giving vent to that agonizing blubber of sorrow, which, I confess, eventually unnerved me a little. Had she sounded, I no doubt would have lost her, but evidently the sight of that egg at the yard arm kept her on the surface, the motherly instinct dominant to the end.

"At length, worn out, the tremendous mammal suffered herself to be reeled in, as completely conquered by my skill as the most innocuous minnow. As soon as she lay alongside the ship, I permitted the amazed harpooners to deal her the death blow with their lances, and the poor mother expired without a struggle, her tiny eyes fixed faithfully on that great egg at the yard arm, even in death."

Baron Van Hookensinker ceased speaking, and, removing a very large handkerchief from his pocket, began a futile rubbing at the icing of candle grease which by this time almost completely frosted his stomach. Instinctively I knew that the story was ended.

"But what of the eggs?" I cried.

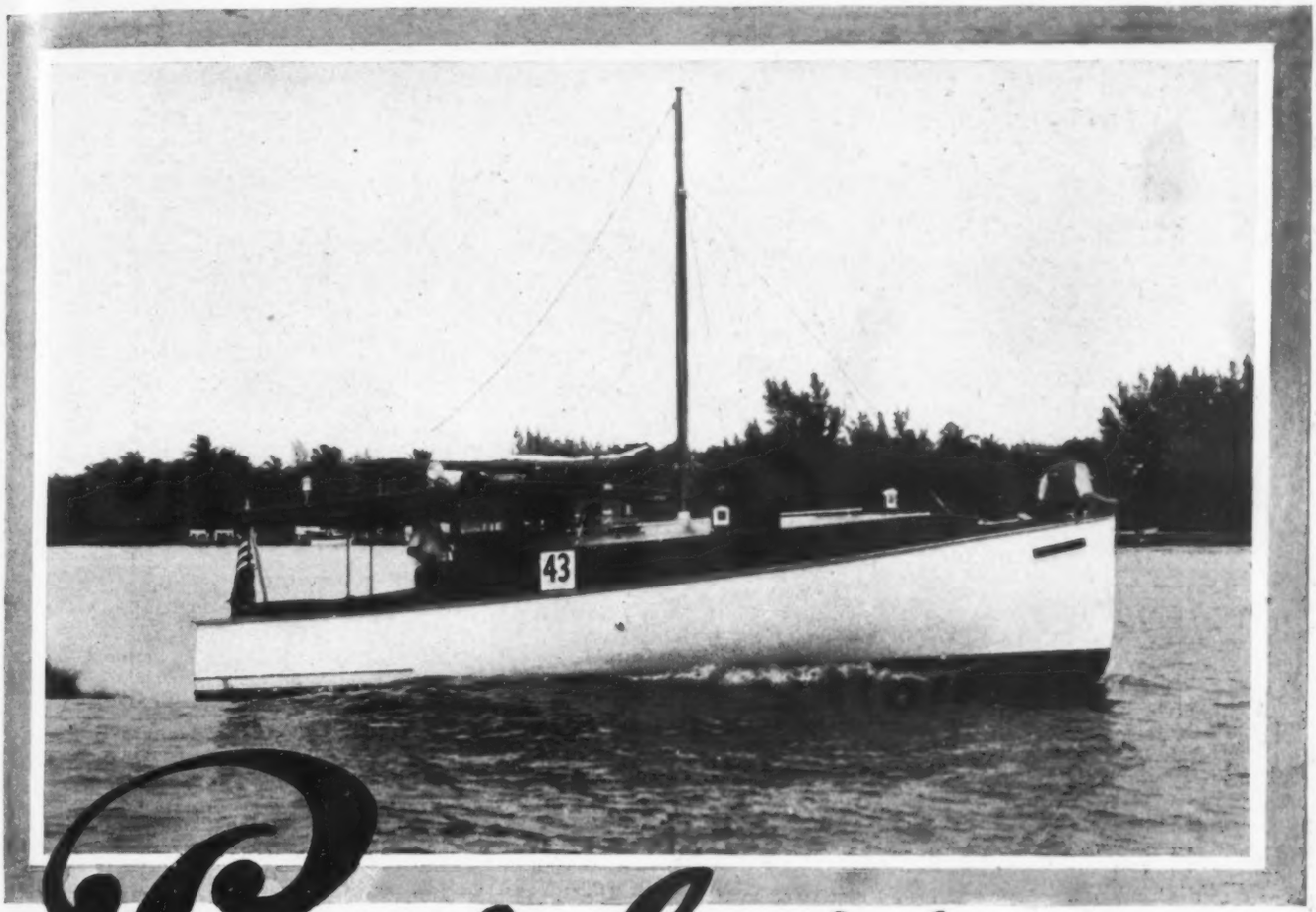
"Most unfortunately we ran short of provisions on the return voyage to New Bedford," he replied sternly, "and were compelled to break them up for omelets." And not a word more on the subject was I able to get out of him.

Engine Room Tools and Equipment

(*Continued from page 46*)

paper and thin flat files. Ignition wires lose current from time to time due to the insulation drying out and cracking, requiring a coat of shellac now and then. Oil and gasoline strainers must be frequently cleaned, requiring the appropriate tools to dismount, a pan of kerosene to soak in, and a brush to clean them. Check valves sometimes stick, requiring the appropriate wrenches to dismount and rags and screw-driver for cleaning. Hose connections often spring unexpected leaks, requiring replacement with new sections, new hose-clamps, and white lead.

Except in the case of two-cycle engines (which need carbon removed more often than once a season) all gaskets should last throughout the season easily.



Peerless Wins!

FIRST AND SECOND PLACE IN MATTHEWS CRUISER RACE

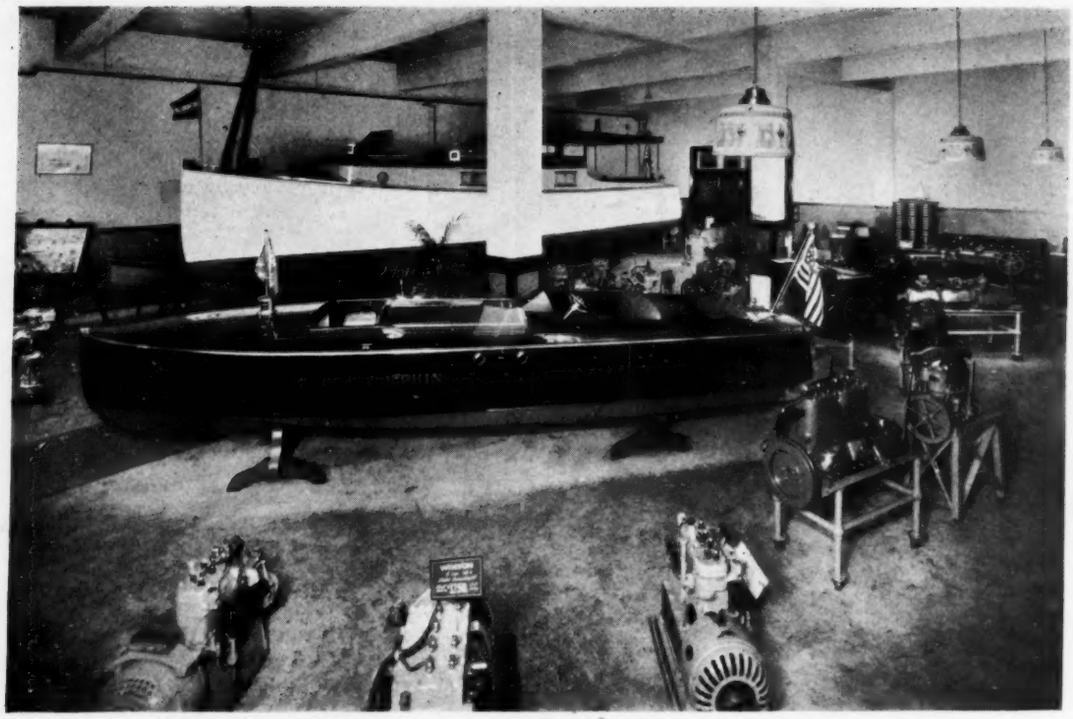
At the Palm Beach Regatta a special race was arranged for the Popular Matthews 38 Standardized Cruisers. Eight of these boats started in this race, two of them were equipped with Peerless motors and they finished in first and second position. This performance was more than a mere accident and was made possible owing to the fact that these motors were able to deliver Honest To God horsepower to a propeller wheel of sufficient size to drive these man size boats with efficient results. Boats of this type require a large propeller turned at moderate speed. This, of course, takes piston displacement. The Peerless has the necessary bore and stroke to turn a large wheel which gives efficient results at a moderate engine speed.

With a Peerless equipped boat your whole conception of cruising is changed — delightfully changed, economically changed, efficiently changed. Words alone, or even a picture of the motor cannot convey an adequate conception of the new and different engineering principles embodied in the Peerless Motor — you must actually drive a Peerless equipped boat yourself.

Your name and address will bring our new catalogue describing these motors in detail, without obligation.

PEERLESS MARINE MOTOR CORP.

2150 NIAGARA STREET BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.



Interior of new showroom opened by Walter H. Moreton Corporation in Boston.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Walter H. Moreton Opens New Showroom

ONE of the handsomest showrooms for the display of boats and engines in the United States was opened late in February by the Walter H. Moreton Corporation at 1043–45 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Situated in the heart of the automobile district this showroom makes it possible for the yachtsman to purchase boats, motors or accessories under very nearly the same condition that he would purchase an automobile. In other words, he can see and examine the article he intends to purchase before placing the order. This is an indication of the present trend in bringing the yachtsman and the boat builder and engine manufacturer together.

The showroom is well lighted and has ample floor space to show a 38-foot Standard Matthews cruiser, two Hacker-Dolphin runabouts and a large variety of engines, outboard motors, steering gears, power windlasses, etc. It is a showroom in which any yachtsman could profitably spend an afternoon. In addition to the two boats mentioned, the Moreton line of engines consists of Sterling, Winton, Scripps, Red Wing and Regal. Three generating sets are shown, the Homelite, Universal and Winton, and a line of American Engineering Company electric windlasses is also carried.

A Scripps-Powered Stock Runabout

The accompanying photograph shows a stock 26-ft. runabout turned out by the Albany Boat Corp., Watervliet, N. Y. Powered with a Model F-6 Scripps 100 h.p. motor, this handsome little craft does better than 26 miles per hour, which feature, combined with the quality of the hull and power plant, should make her very attractive to all interested in this type of boat.

A fast runabout built by the Albany Boat Corporation doing 26 miles per hour with a Scripps six-cylinder engine.

Two New Gray "Sixes"

The Gray Marine Motor Co., of Detroit, have announced two new 6-cylinder motors, Model Z6, 50 h.p., and Model A-75, 75 h.p. Designed and built to the latest and best engineering standards, these motors are notable for their power, compactness, cleanliness, and all-around performance. Perfect balance, accessibility, and ease of installation are only a few of the features which are sure to make a strong appeal to yachtsmen, who may get a handsome, complete catalogue and description by writing to the Gray Marine Motor Co., Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

An Interesting Outboard Motor Catalogue

The new, complete catalogue of the 1926 Super Elto has just been published and is ready for distribution. Made up of 32 pages, with the four cover pages in full colors, it should be particularly interesting to outboard motor enthusiasts as practically every important element which enters into the choice of an outboard motor is taken up separately and discussed frankly and openly. It may be secured from any Elto dealer, or by mail from the Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Yacht Brokers Move

Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc., the well known Chicago yacht brokers, have moved to larger quarters in Room 1902, Wrigley Bldg., 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., overlooking the Chicago River and the yacht harbor.

Rigg's Yacht Agency, formerly at 350 Madison Ave., New York, will shortly move their offices to 28 West 44th St., New York City, where larger quarters have been secured in a convenient location.

New York Office of Palmer Bros.

The well known firm of Palmer Bros. Engines, Inc., of Cos Cob, Conn., have established their New York office at 89 Third Ave., near 12th St.

Larsen Expanding

Louis J. Larsen, the New York sailmaker, reports an increase of over 100% in business done in 1925 over 1924. In order to better handle his increasing trade he has leased additional floor space, which will be covered with a fine maple flooring, and used solely for cutting and trimming yacht sails, his former sail loft to be used hereafter for making yacht awnings and other canvas work.

Designed by

BURGESS, SWASEY & PAINE

585 Boylston Street
Boston, U. S. A.

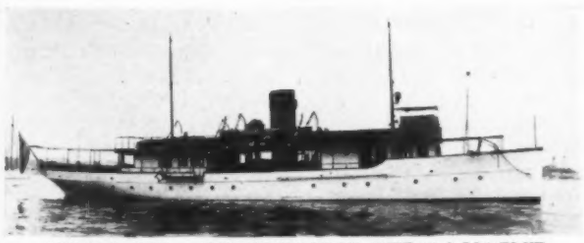
"DANDELION" — CHAMPION "R" CLASS, MASS. BAY, 1925

GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN

"KATHEA"—WINNER OF RICHARDSON AND GEORGE CUPS, 1925

"ADVANCE" THE SENSATION OF 1925

"MARINER" — WINNER OF WORLD'S LONGEST OCEAN YACHT RACE, 1925



"ENAJ IV" — OIL-BURNING STEAM YACHT

"ROMANY II," 1925 — POWER CRUISER

"QUIVER" — CHAMPION "R" CLASS, LONG ISLAND SOUND, 1925

"QUESTION" — CHAMPION 6M CLASS, LONG ISLAND SOUND, 1925

"YANKEE" — WINNER MANHASSET CUP, 1925

BOLINDERS

OIL ENGINES

"The Best the World Produces"

Specified by Mr. Henry Howard for the "ALICE" and her Sister Ship "CARIB II". Complete and interesting descriptions of these two yachts have been running in recent issues of YACHTING (see the January number for details of power plant).

The BOLINDER OIL ENGINE is of the low pressure, surface ignition, solid injection type. It is light, powerful and safe. Yachtsmen will also appreciate that it is clean, odorless and noiseless.

ALICE

Sizes range from 6 to 600 Horsepower

Engines and Parts in Stock
Service Department

BOLINDERS COMPANY
Incorporated

33 Rector Street, New York

By Sneakbox to Florida

(*Continued from page 40*)

saw us safely through a section which is high and dry at low tide. We wound through the grass over meadow sod which only a few hours before had been bare, and on which we would have had to rest for another tide if we had been an hour late in getting through to the channel at Wrightsville. "Cowpaths" our pilot called the trails which he followed, and in a distance of over two miles he took the wrong turn only once; we marveled at his ability to memorize all the twists, for the grass looked the same on all sides to us. Not until the end of the journey did we learn that it had been twenty years since he had last made that trip over the meadows.

The next five days would have been dreary and dismal indeed had it not been for Sam Yeomans. We first saw him running along the shore after us as we looked for a place to tie up behind the beach opposite Wrightsville. A northeaster was settling down in earnest and we were preparing to lie to until it blew out; we had reached the ultimate end of the inside passage and had no choice but to wait for good weather. Sam was so insistent upon our tying up at a dock which he pointed out that we were convinced we would be presented with a wharfage bill, but it developed that Sam was a sort of steward for the Frying Pan Power Boat Club and took it upon himself to see that all visitors to Wrightsville Beach were taken care of.

Sam's quarters were partitioned off in a corner of the newly built little clubhouse, and although he had a stove with which to keep warm he was still without a ceiling. What heat didn't flow out through the large cracks in the outside wall rose to the rafters outside the low partition and was lost to Sam, but he seemed oblivious of the winds which whistled through the place and always insisted that we close the partition door behind us to avoid a draft. Some eight or nine yachts were stormbound with us, and all made use of the clubhouse and of Sam's food without the least hesitation; in fact Sam's generosity will be his undoing, he even gave away his new steward's yachting cap because someone happened to admire it.

After nearly a week of stormy weather we set out from Wrightsville Inlet one morning in company with several of the other boats, with explicit directions from Sam as to how to recognize Corncake Inlet from seaward; the grass on the dunes ended on the north point of beach, Sam explained, and we could head straight in when we reached the end of the vegetation. The inlet itself would not be visible from far off the beach, but it would save us ten miles and would permit us to go inside Cape Fear rather than through Frying Pan Shoals to reach the harbor of Southport. We saw the inlet all right, but as we were approaching it a broad, ugly comber mounted up ahead of us and sped on its way through the inlet, a ridge of flying spray blown off its crest by the west wind. That was enough for us; Frying Pan Shoals might hold terrors for some boats, but there must be some place where we could sneak through without encountering one of those wicked cresting combers.

We avoided the Swash Channel and ran close inshore, within a stone's throw of the beach. A tide was ripping around the point of the Cape and the water was as choppy as anything we had ever seen. We experienced a sensation of helplessness as the boats were hurled into the chop by the tide and we realized that we couldn't turn back if it proved too rough for us. It had always seemed that sooner or later we might run into a sea which would be of the exact motion, even though not wildly rough, to toss our boats around and cause them to dip under every sea, and we weren't sure but what the turmoil ahead would turn out to be that kind. While it proved to be quite violent and irregular we were relieved to find that the boats rode over lightly with dry decks, and but for the first few

a. c. f.

LIVABLE

Mere dimensions no longer are the measure of yachting luxury and comfort. Try to gauge the overall of an a. c. f. cruiser from the expansive cabin or from the sleeping quarters! See whether such *livableness* on the water has ever been encompassed by lines so rakish. Nothing less than the far-flung resources of a. c. f. could have done it. And then it took literally years of foresight.

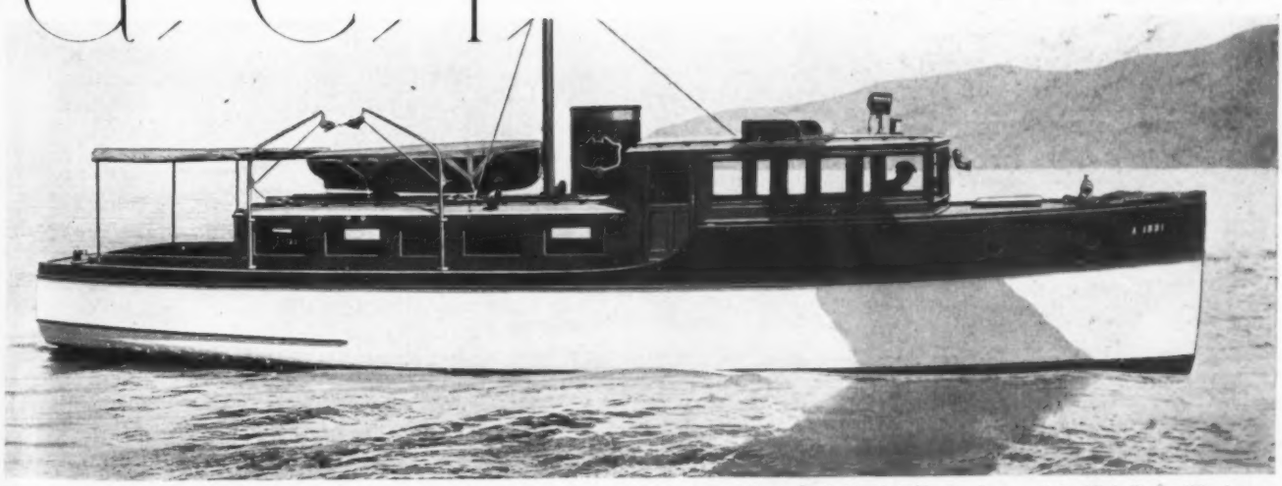
Now all the benefits of the one exclusive form of recreation are open to those who seek their adventure in fine relaxation. Included is the capability of a 100 horsepower Hall-Scott engine, typical of the character and utter assurance reflected by every specification of these craft.

Early inquiry is wise, for prompt delivery, completely Ready-to-Cruise.

S. CLYDE KYLE, *NEW YORK*
SUITE 826, 100 EAST 42ND STREET

a c. f. Cruisers are built by American Car and Foundry Company at their Wilmington Shipyard

a. c. f.



Shown above is the a. c. f. 47-ft. Cruiser. Other interesting models include the 40-ft. Bridge Deck Individual Cabin Cruiser, and the 35-ft. Raised Deck type

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By adopting Westinghouse Diesel-electric drive, the ALOHA becomes the World's largest Diesel-electric yacht.

With this modern type of equipment, developing 640 shaft horsepower, the ALOHA is equipped to enjoy these advantages:

Increased cruising radius
Complete control from bridge
Greater cleanliness
Saving of space
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Minimized vibration

Among the other sea-going yachts employing Westinghouse Diesel-electric propulsion are the Alcyone, Cutty Sark, Guinevere, Elfay, and Valero II.

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Hunt, Mirk & Co. San Francisco

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doubtful moments we were able to sit back and thoroughly enjoy the bouncing passage around the Cape.

Toward dusk as we approached the docks at Southport to fill up with gasoline the wind dropped and the outlook for fair weather was promising. The sight of three big clumsy houseboats putting out to sea in the darkness for Charleston made quite an impression upon us; if it were safe for a huge houseboat, why not equally safe for a seagoing sneakbox? Before definitely putting into words what was on our minds we made several pointed inquiries among boatmen at Southport.

"What do you think of the weather for tonight?" we asked one of the crew of a menhaden boat.

"Looks pretty good; why?"

"We saw two or three houseboats starting out and thought we might run down outside a ways too."

"What! in them boats?" He cast a contemptuous look at the *Crab*. "You'd better do all your traveling by daylight."

"Couldn't we get in an inlet if it blew up?" we asked.

"You might if you found one, but you won't see anything but breakers at night, and you'll want to stay away from them, I guess. A stranger hadn't ought to try these inlets at night."

We were dissuaded temporarily, but by the time supper was finished we had convinced ourselves that our friend didn't know what he was talking about. The moon was up, the air was still, and we saw no reason why we could not run ashore at the first sign of an onshore wind. So at 2 o'clock in the morning we rolled up our blankets and pushed out Cape Fear River, heading due west along the coast.

(*To be continued*).

Let It Blow Off

(*Continued from page 31*)

features, his pipe gripped between his teeth, unlit — and that meant something! When it blew so hard that Bill's pipe went out, and stayed out, well, almost anything was likely to happen.

"Spell you?"

"Sure! Any coffee left? Keep her to the south'ard of west. She'll nose out a couple of points."

There was supposed to be a lookout somewhere on deck but he was as invisible as the mainmast. I suspect he was sheltered under the lee of the foremast; however, it didn't matter, for I could have heard no warning of danger from his lips in that chaos of sound. She gave a very fair imitation of a submarine when diving into a steep one, with the water swirling around my boots a foot deep.

Half an hour later Bill showed his head over the companionway slip-ins. His pipe was lit.

"How you makin' it?"

"Fine! Remember those two little secrets I told you awhile ago? Well, I'm goin' to tell you another. If you don't reef this rag carpet over my head the sticks will go out of her."

"Wrong! It'll blow off first and that's the only way it's goin' to be reefed tonight. Do you think that crowd down below would want their sleep disturbed? Why, if I was to bring her into the wind now it would shake the teeth out of them. Every skipper afloat will be shootin' for market. They'll be drivin' by Minot's like a flock of coots and we want to be right there in the lead."

"O, all right, all right! Send a hand up here and let me get some of that sleep you're talkin' about. You notice it's commencin' to snow?"

"Well, what's the difference? You can't see anything anyway."

That was one occasion when Bill spoke the truth.

We were all snug at T Wharf in Boston when I came to.

"Did you draw a trick at the wheel last night?"

Chris-Craft

$2900 F.O.B. Algonac
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Chris-Craft has set and maintained a price and quality standard for other runabouts to follow. As the heritage of a distinguished line of the world's fastest speed boats, Chris-Craft stands apart—unchallenged. Public acceptance has permitted a distribution never before enjoyed by any runabout builder, and this widespread approval of the Chris-Craft has always maintained a price advantage that at no time compromised with quality. Now you can buy the Chris-Craft, salt water equipped throughout, with the $2150 Kermath 150 h. p. "six" for $3500.

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EQUIPMENT FOR
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The Gyro Pilot "Metal Mike"

Acts as a power steering engine and in addition provides more efficient and accurate automatic steering.

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Discourages all roll; insures a comfortable voyage in the roughest weather; eliminates severe strain and wear and tear.

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Aluminum alloy of great strength, all types of mountings, flood light or straight beam from one light, high candle-power at low wattage. *THE HIGH INTENSITY SEARCHLIGHT* 30,000,000 beam candle power for larger yachts.

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Instantaneous reading of actual engine speed ahead or astern, logs total revolutions.

Other Sperry Apparatus

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Manhattan Bridge Plaza **Brooklyn, N Y.**

SPERRY

FOR BETTER NAVIGATION

"Sure!" said Flannagan. "I brought her in here."

"How was she rigged?"

"Staysail and mainsail."

"Funny, I never heard it when he took the duck off."

"He didn't, the jib and foresail blew off."

"Bill kept the foresail sheets flat to keep her head off and it split. With only the staysail for'ard we had to ease off on the peak halliards."

"Oh, oh, the old scarecat! Where's he now?"

"Up street trying to get three and a quarter cents for this fare — if he does it will mean over a hundred dollars apiece. Don't bother him now!"

I didn't.

The Yachting Outlook for Southern California

(*Continued from page 59*)

been entirely rebuilt under the personal supervision of Edson B. Schock, who has also designed a new sail plan for her with straight mast to conform to the new ruling of the Southern California Yachting Association which has barred curved masts. *Alert*, the new arrival from the Great Lakes, will also be on hand, as well as *California*, *Peggy*, *Galliano III*, *Debra*, the Southern California Champion for 1925; *Canuck*, *Pirate*, the new boat for Tommy Lee, and *Aloha*, the Schock-designed "R" from San Diego, which came up to San Pedro last August and walked off with the Times Cup from the full fleet in a race nine miles to windward and return.

The regatta committees are doing their best to get the cruisers to take more interest in the racing events, but so far with little results, and it is hoped that more of them turn out for the racing this year.

Of course, the Honolulu event is the one big race on the West Coast this year, and it is hoped to make it a successful one, but 2,200 miles out, to say nothing of home, all to windward, is a long trip for a hard working business man, and the support is not being given this race by the yachtsmen on the Pacific Coast that is given to the Bermuda Race in the East. However, taken all in all, the outlook is very encouraging for a most successful season.

The Building of *Dorothy A*

(*Continued from page 48*)

was a little bit tubby. The week that I was there, the hull was sheathed throughout, all the deck beams fitted and kneed, and the cabin floor put in.

The motor that I finally decided on was a little 8–10 horse power Kermath. It weighs only 340 lbs. and takes up very little room. I felt confident that it would push the 17–ton schooner along at 4½ miles an hour in a calm, and I was not mistaken. Two 45–gallon barrels placed on either side of the cockpit, under the deck, gave ample fuel capacity. There were two large tanks with hand holes under the berths in the forward cabin, for the water supply, with an approximate capacity of 60 gallons each.

On the 16th of October, a bright cold day, we launched the schooner, christening her the *Dorothy A*. The inside ballast had been placed on board and the ship rigged by the 20th, and we had our first sail on the 23rd of October in a good westerly breeze. The sails were much heavier than is usual on such a small boat, but they fitted perfectly, for which great credit is due to Mr. Randolph Stevens, who made them. The sail area was a little over 1,100 sq. ft.

We set sail, bound for New York, on October 27th, and were soon assured that our highest hopes were realities. She was fast, able and comfortable, and the sails were well balanced. Our best day's run was from Biddeford Pool to Gloucester in 9 hours, a distance of 70 nautical miles, an average of about 8 knots.

fishermen-campers-motorists

EVERY lover of the out-of-doors should have this book. If yours is the wholesome hobby of following new water trails—of camping along the shores of lake or stream; if new fishing haunts lure you; if you are interested in the winding waterways of this country and Canada—this book should prove invaluable.

Gives detailed maps with important notes, on over 40 different boat and canoe trips which can be taken with a Johnson Outboard Motor, through the waters of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Florida, Kentucky, and all parts of Canada.

It is full of outdoor lore—camping tips—how to pack a canoe or boat—the care of an outboard motor. Written by such noted sportsmen writers as Sheridan Jones, Robert Page Lincoln, Cal Johnson, Ed Taylor, Van Campen Heilner, Ozark Ripley and others. Tells about the Johnson Waterways Bureau and how it assists those interested in outboard motor water tours.

You may have this guidebook for the asking. You will prize it—keep it for reference. Simply write your name and address on the coupon—or mail a postal card. Sent to you without any charge.

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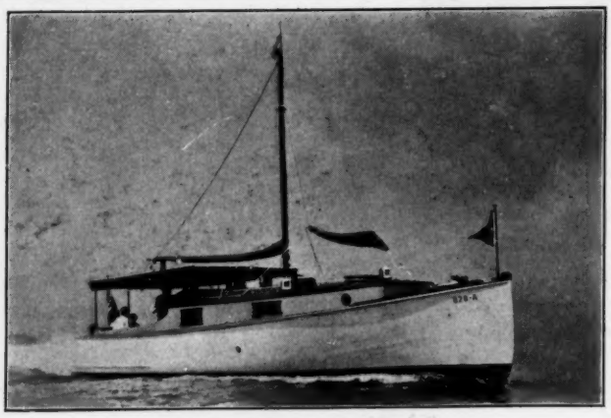

Matthews' Standard 38' Cruiser
Built by The Matthews Co., Port Clinton, Ohio

Matthews Recommends Homelite for ELECTRICITY

FOR the ideal electric lighting generator on the famous 38' cruiser, the Matthews Company recommends Homelite on account of its small size, large output of electricity and low price.

With Homelite on board every owner of Matthews and other cruisers is sure of plenty of electricity

SPECIFICATIONS
Length 21", width 14", height 21". *Weight:* 110 pounds.
600 watts. 12-32-110 volts. With or without batteries.

The portable electric light and power plant

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There is a HOMELITE Dealer near you—let us arrange a demonstration

Getting Ready for the Bermuda Race

(*Continued from page 54*)

staysails — one or two being "fisherman" staysails, and the other a big balloon staysail for light going with the wind abaft the beam. Topsails are a great help, especially when the wind is very light, when there is more air stirring aloft than below.

Be sure and carry a trisail. Perhaps you won't run into weather heavy enough to need it. But just suppose you split your mainsail — what then? Yes, carry a trisail.

On *Malabar IV*, a week before the start of the 1923 race, we discovered that we couldn't tie in either the second or third reef in the mainsail — the reef points were too short. Are yours long enough?

Navigation and Equipment

It is usually up to the navigator to see that his sextant, chronometer, etc. are O. K. But it should be the owner's business to attend to the compass and binnacle, two things which are of the greatest importance. The compass should have a large, easily-read, steady card, and should be as thoroughly compensated as possible by a competent adjuster. The best compass is nearly worthless at night unless you have a real binnacle. Have electric and oil lights both — one or the other is pretty sure to give trouble, no matter how good they may seem to be. Don't believe the salesman — try out your compass and binnacle yourself, at night, with the boat pitching and rolling and spray flying — that's the only test worth anything. Some binnacles throw a shadow on the card when the boat rolls or pitches. This makes good steering impossible, and it's "hell on the helmsman," to boot.

It is a good thing to carry two logs and lines, perhaps of different makes and sizes. Price is a poor criterion of performance in logs. The most expensive log I was ever shipmates with over-registered ½ knot per hour, and collected gulfweed like a hay rake. There is a very small, cheap, and very accurate log of a popular make which is mighty good. The best log I ever used was a medium sized one of foreign make, which was absolutely accurate, and never once collected gulfweed in two trips across the Stream. Incidentally, the big logs exert more drag than the small ones — something worth considering in a 660-mile race.

The Galley

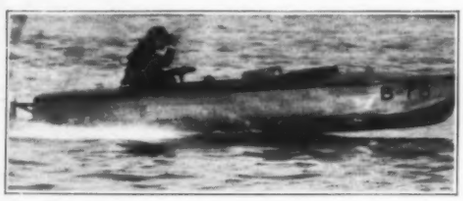
Some illustrious general — Napoleon, Sherman or Grant, maybe — hit the nail on the thumb when he said that "an army traveled on its stomach." So does the crew of an ocean racer. Four or five husky, hot meals every 24 hours will keep a crew on its toes regardless of a big loss of sleep. Without good, regular chow, your crew will rapidly lose physical efficiency, and morale, too. A sleepy, tired, listless bunch of hungry men will *never* get the speed out of a boat. But what a lot of life, pep and spirit they will show if you ply them with hot, decently prepared grub!

So, see to it that your galley is equipped with everything you can think of to make it possible to turn out good grub under even the worst conditions. You *must* have a stove which will function *all* the time. It's difficult, yes — but it can be done, if you are fortunate in signing on a man who can, and will, cook, no matter what the weather. A coal stove — provided your chef knows how to handle it — is generally considered the best bet. Wood, charcoal, and charcoal briquettes are a big help in getting a quick meal. And another big advantage of the coal stove over any other type — an advantage seldom appreciated — is the fact that it exhausts the waste gases into the open air, and not into the cabin; and at the same time, it is drawing in fresh air from open ports, the companionway, etc., helping in no small way in one of the most important and difficult things to achieve aboard small craft at sea — proper ventilation.

At Tampa

the Laurels Go to Hackercraft

Dick Locke, with Mrs. D. P. Davis at his right, in a Tampa Bay-bie



The Spitfire making its famous 40.6 mile racing record

THE PELICAN — (Spitfire) Hydroplane. We can furnish either plans and specifications or complete hulls of this world's record making model.

TAMPA BAY-BIES — Available for immediate delivery either singly or in club lots. Acknowledged by all attending the Tampa Bay regatta to be the finest one design class racing boat ever built.

The HACKER DOLPHIN — Built with the same Hacker assurance of perfect performance, 26 ft. over all; 30 to 38 miles per hour; $3900 to $4625.

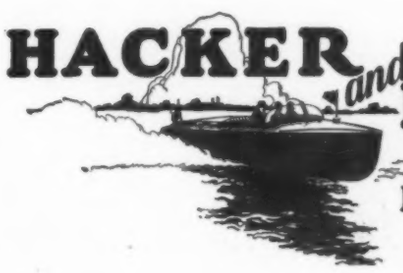
The BABY DOLPHIN — Constructed with the same perfection of design as all others of our famous models, 22 ft. over all; 25 to 37 miles per hour; $2475 to $3095.

The Spitfire, in setting a new world's record of 40.6 miles per hour for 151 cu. in. type hydroplanes; the Tampa Bay-bies, in their class racing; and the Miss Tampa in her spectacular racing in the 725 class and free-for-all events; proved again the superiority of the Hacker and Fermann organization in designing fast racing craft.

The ten 21-ft. Hackerbuilt Tampa Bay-bies were ready for every race, finished every race including the three women's races altho often manned by green drivers, averaged 37 miles per hour, and astonished the regatta with their perfect dependability.

And the same supreme designing and boat building ability is responsible for the unapproached values offered in our stock runabouts — the Hacker Dolphin and Baby Dolphin.

Let us send you illustrated literature and further details regarding any of these products of Hackercraft.



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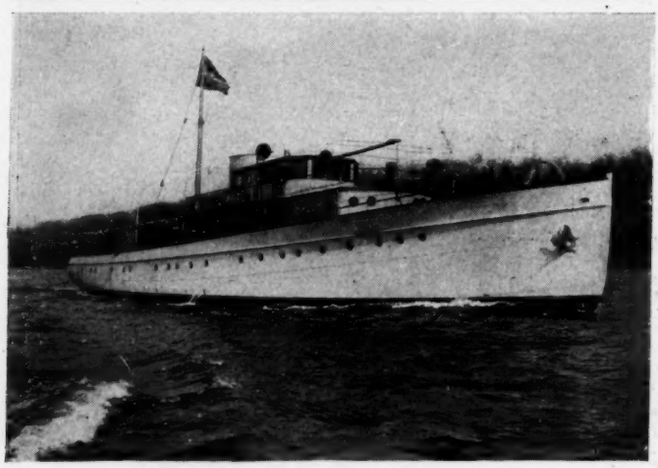


The "Shadow K," a 150-foot motor yacht, built by Consolidated for Mr. Carl G. Fisher

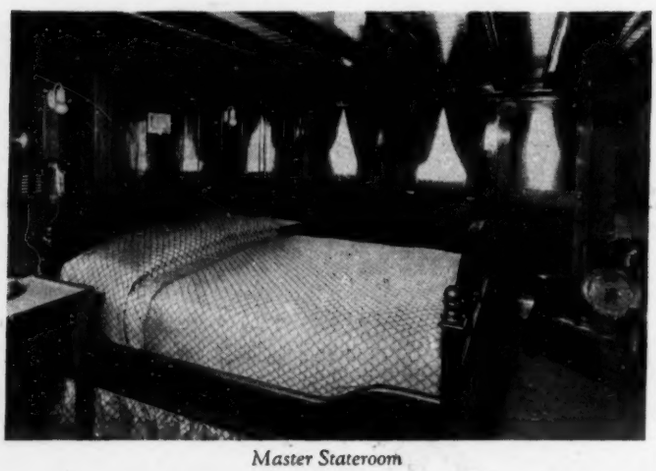
THIS 150-foot steel motor yacht, built from the designs of The Purdy Boat Co., for Mr. Carl G. Fisher has been completed at our Morris Heights yards. With the flare forward emphasized, and with the tumble home stern, "Shadow K" possesses lines of appealing beauty and grace.

The interior of this latest Consolidated achievement suggests the combined creative genius of owner, designer and builder—and reflects to a marked degree the skill of the latter in carrying out and constructively improving the desires of the two former.

Wherever "Shadow K" may sail, her individuality in design will impress and her beauty of line will win unstinted praise, while her staunchness and the dependability of her power plant will prove of unusual comfort to her owner. The power plant consists of two model 115, Winton-Diesel engines, developing 500 H.P. each at 450 R.P.M.

If you are interested in Motor Yachts, Cruisers, Motor Boats or Launches, our designing and engineering service will help you—address your communication to our Executive Offices at Morris Heights, New York City

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK CITY



Master Stateroom

Saving "Old Ironsides"

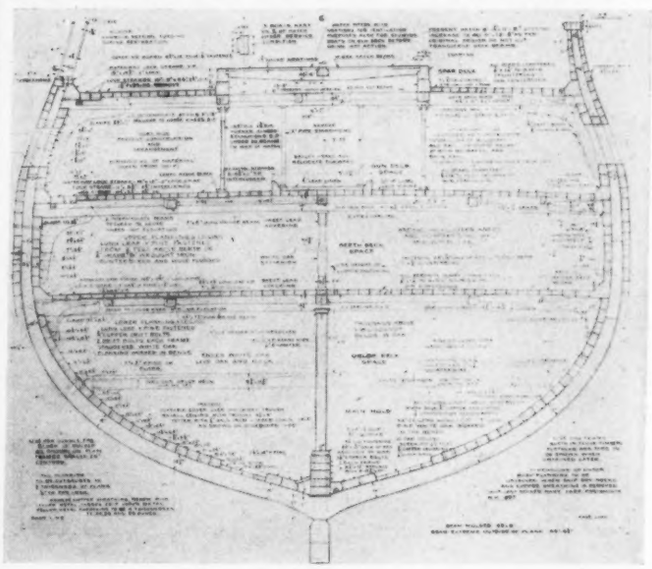
(*Continued from page 53*)

anchor in Boston Harbor and sawing off the head of General Jackson's figure.

The nickname of "Old Ironsides" was won by the frigate because her sailors declared that in one of her engagements they saw a solid shot rebound off her wooden hull as if the sides had been of iron.

The building of the *Constitution* was authorized during the administration of President George Washington, she being the first of three frigates, the construction of which marked the birth of the American Navy. The other two were the *Constellation* and the *United States*.

The *Constitution* was designed and modelled by Joshua Humphrey, of Philadelphia, Pa., and built by Col. George Claghorn at the shipyard of Edmund Hart, in Boston, on the site of what is now Constitution Wharf. Commodore Samuel Nicholson acted as supervisor of construction for the navy. The dimensions of the ship are as follows: Length, 175 feet; breadth of beam, 43 ft., 6 inches; depth of hold, 14 ft., 3 inches; displacement,



Reconstructed 'midship section of the *Constitution*

about 2,200 tons. She carried a complement of 450 officers and men, provisions enough to last for six months, and 48,000 gallons of water. Her armament consisted of 44 guns, 22 on the gun deck and 22 on the spar deck, although she mounted 54 at the time of her engagement with the *Guerriere*.

The launching took place October 21, 1797, and the ship went into commission the following year. Her main truck towered 202 feet above the water line and her head rigging, including bowsprit, jibboom and flying jibboom reached out over 100 feet beyond her stem. The main yard was 96 feet in length and the royal yard 34 feet long. In fair weather, when stunsails were carried, these booms extended from 15 to 30 feet beyond the yards. With all sails set this great two-decked fighting ship presented a wonderful picture of grace and beauty. Her three masts and towering clouds of canvase gave the added appearance of speed and power. The rigging required 675 blocks.

At the present day the *Constitution* in her outward form is exactly the same ship as that upon which our forefathers looked with pride. There is a decided outward flare to her bows and a pronounced tumble home to her sides. There is a graceful run beneath her quarters and there is marked evidence of speed and ease in her lines.

During the course of her brilliant career the *Constitution* took part in 40 engagements and never once suffered defeat.

DODGE WATERCARS CREATE NEW VALUE LEADERSHIP

Master craftsmanship and choicest materials make Dodge Watercars always dependable. Designed by George F. Crouch, builder of the "Gold Cup" winner, they establish correct design and construction. Their smooth riding poise makes possible their performance ability and affords unusual comfort. In design, finish, and mechanical excellence, Dodge Watercars meet the most exacting requirements. Their outstanding quality at liberal price advantage sets a new high standard of value.

Built in four models ranging in speed from 15 to 37 miles per hour Dodge Watercars provide a craft for every motorboat requirement.

The DODGE WATERCAR

Now Available in Four Models

FIVE PASSENGER MODEL

22 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. 2½ in.

Single Cockpit Runabout

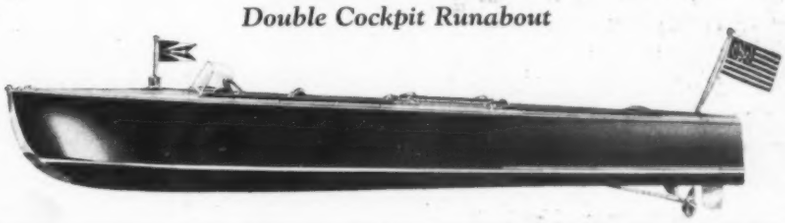
Watercar
Model 422
Speed approximately 20 miles per hour
$2475

Watercar
Model 822
Speed approximately 37 miles per hour
$2975

NINE PASSENGER MODEL

25 ft. 11 in. x 6 ft. 7 in.

Double Cockpit Runabout



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Detroit, Michigan

"You didn't come a day too soon"
The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble

4 out of 5
see him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

Nautical Nuggets

(*Continued from page 62*)

that on the windward side has the preventer stay set up. No matter whether the skipper sails from the leeward or windward side of the boat he can always do something.

Abaft this double duty cleat, but still within reach of the skipper, should be placed the spinnaker after guy cleat. It is often necessary for the skipper to have this guy in his hand while crew are engaged in hoisting spinnaker, placing boom on mast, and trimming mainsail. He can pull the spinnaker pole aft and take a turn while the sail is being broken out. He is in position to ease her off if trimmed too far aft and can hold her until crew comes aft if she needs trimming.

Is your mainsheet cleat in the best position?

It is best to study the craft carefully before placing this cleat. Some boats sail best with crew amidships; *i.e.*, mainsheet man and jib-sheet man both forward of the skipper and in cockpit. If this is the case, it stands to reason that the mainsheet lead and cleat should not be on after deck, but right handy where, should you become involved in a luffing match or feel the need to change trim of mainsail, it can be done without crew climbing over the skipper or asking him to move.

If you race with one man forward and one aft of the tiller, the cleat should be aft. If the latter is the method of weight disposal to windward, but you put the weight forward in running or reaching, then have an emergency cleat forward, and when the mainsheet man goes forward he leads the sheet rope to this cleat.

The method employed by the author to hasten the breaking in or softening of new sheets is simple. At the first opportunity, and several times thereafter, the sheets are taken ashore and one end is tied to a spile or rail stanchion on a pier. The rope is then stretched to its full length and tied as taut as possible, at or near the middle. It can then be stretched artificially by standing on it, or swaying. Let it hang there supporting its own weight for several hours. When taken down, shake out any kinks or twists and coil loosely. Repeat until sheet stops stretching and will not kink even when damp.

When this ideal condition has been attained, treat this sheet with some consideration; unless it is spliced on, unreeve it and keep it under cover during the week between races. If it is spliced on, coil up all you can and slip it under deck aft or at side of cockpit.

Advantages of the Ketch Rig

(*Continued from page 49*)

very overcast. Have lit coal stove, as it is quite cold for July 1st.

"9.30 P.M. Log 86 (seems to be underrunning). Boon Island Light about abeam, conditions the same, very black night, still running wing and wing and steering herself. Only once have I touched her, when the mizzen jibed. Put tackle on it, straightened her out and left her. That fixed that.

"Wednesday, July 2, 1.00 A.M. Stars out, log 102, running as before, mate asleep in cabin on one transom, captain on other reading the 'Track of the Typhoon' for the nth time. (Whoever is on watch goes up every fifteen minutes for a look around — pretty tough!!!)

"3.00 A.M. Log 111. Mate relieves skipper, horizon obscure, wind S.W. and less, still wing and wing and steering herself.

"4.00 A.M. Log 114, very dark, flashing light made out with glasses two points off port beam. Time of flashes could not be ascertained. Steering herself N.E. by N. ½N.

"6.00 A.M. Log 119½. Foggy, breeze hauled and back-filled mainsail, jibed mainsail over and slatted around. Picked up fog signal on Cape Elizabeth Light. Vessel to port, estimate we are four or five miles off, laid course for Seguin E. by N. ¾ N."

Let the single hander, or those who cruise short-handed, once appreciate the advantages of being able to retire below, cook and eat a meal in peace, with the reasonable certainty of finding his ship somewhere near her course when he goes on deck an hour or so later, and you will find the ketch usurping the place of the now more fashionable schooner rig.

[The author of this article has cruised on blue water in craft of various sizes, types and rigs. His experiences in many boats, including a Transatlantic crossing in the schooner *Lloyd W. Berry* and the 1923 Bermuda Race in the *Mary Ann*, are the basis for conclusions he has reached regarding the merits of ketch-rigged craft, which are sure to be of great interest to all cruising men. — *Eds.*]

Handsome Yacht Clocks

The many yachtsmen interested in getting a high-grade ship's clock at a reasonable price should investigate the full line of nautical timepieces manufactured by the Waterbury Clock Co., of Waterbury, Conn.

A striking ship's bell clock made by the Waterbury Clock Company

They are of both the bulkhead type and the mantelpiece type, all sizes and types being of the striking bell variety. The metal cases are heavy cast brass, the bases of selected mahogany with rubbed finish, and the whole construction, both as to movements and cases, is up to a high standard of quality which assures long and accurate service.

Gives you that Ritzy look

What puts that look of High-Hat satisfaction and well-being on our most successful faces?

Barbasol — the Modern Way of Shaving.

What makes the up-and-doing man look like he feels, and, better still, feel like he looks?

Barbasol — the Modern Way of Shaving.

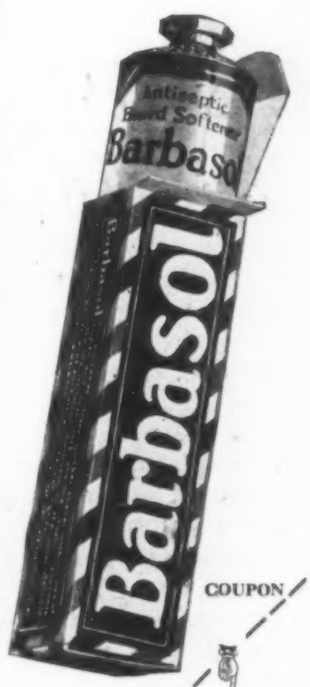
Aristocrat of shaving, Barbasol is friendly, kindly, helpful, just as all genuine aristocrats are once you know them. And we want you to know Barbasol.

Especially if you are still struggling along on a scraping acquaintance with old-fashioned ways of shaving — the sopping brush, the drudgy rub-in, the dragging steel and wracking after-smart — we want you to know this easy, bland and cleanly shave. How do you do?

1. **Wash the face** (but leave it wet)
2. **Spread on Barbasol** (but don't rub in)
3. **Shave**

Wonderful! No brush. No rub-in. No after smart. No burn. Just an easy gliding of the blade out of the rough and down the fairway. And then the gentle spreading of that cooling, good sensation which tells you Barbasol has soothed as it's reaped, as it's cleaned. Secret is, Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin.

Your introduction is the coupon at the right. Try Barbasol 3 times according to directions. And (this is *our* secret) we have another customer for life.



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For Modern Shaving

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Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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ONE-DESIGN class keel racing sloop, 16′ x 12′ $2\frac{5}{8}$″ x 5′ $7\frac{1}{4}$″ x 3′ 3″. Sail area 157.5 sq. ft. *Price* **$600**
23′ standardized cruiser with model Z Gray motor **$1750**
34′ cruiser with twin or single motors giving 11 miles per hour up at ..... **$5200** *up*
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For Pleasure and Commercial Service

Unfailing Quality

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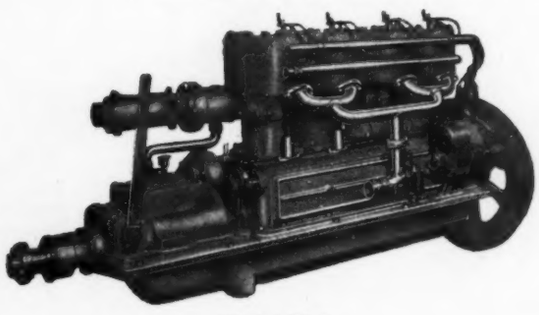

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40 h.p., 4 cyl., 4 cycle;
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Port your helm to starboard, mate!

Here is a speed-breaking story of Young Yachtsmen, Lost Loot and Vanquished Villains, written by a novelist who knows the feel of a tiller in his fist and the spindrift in his face.

THE BASCOM CHEST

A story for boys by
ALFRED F. LOOMIS

One dollar seventy-five at your bookseller's, or send direct to YACHTING and you will receive an Autographed Copy by return mail.

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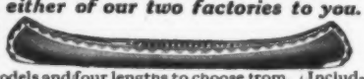
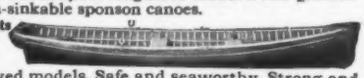
Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS — Fastest Of All Boats for Outboard Motors

And a complete line of other boats at real money-saving prices. Prompt shipment from either of our two factories to you.



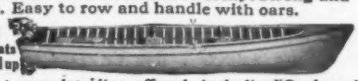
Canoes $48.00 and up

Five models and four lengths to choose from. Including non-sinkable sponson canoes.



Rowboats $44.00 and up

Improved models. Safe and seaworthy. Strong and durable. Easy to row and handle with oars.



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The most complete line offered, including Outboard Hydroplane, with official record of over 16 miles an hour.

Motor Boats $350.00 and up

With or without engine. 18 to 26 ft. long. For lakes, rivers, shallow water and weeds.

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Please state the kind of boat you are interested in (15)

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421 Ellis Ave. PESHTIGO, WIS. (*Write to Either Place*) 1221 Elm Street CORTLAND, N.Y.

IF YOU SUNBURN—
Try NOBURN next summer. This harmless, magic liquid positively prevents sunburn. Outers have used it successfully for years. Order a bottle. Pay $1.00 when convinced. NOBURN must make good *before* you pay. Strong, Cobb & Company, 351 Central Viaduct, Cleveland, Ohio.

Tampa Bay Regatta Thrills Thousands

(*Continued from page 67*)

Baby Mine, *See Me Go* and *Miss Pluto* had no chance against the two leaders.

The crowd got a real thrill in the free-for-all race. *Baby Sunshine*, formerly *Baby Sure Cure*, jumped into the lead on the first lap, only to turn turtle on the turn into the home stretch. *Bug III* was right behind, and, stopping suddenly to render assistance, caught fire and had to be beached. With two boats out of it, and the course dangerously cluttered up with rescuing craft, the committee flagged the race, and re-started it after the crew of *Baby Sunshine* had been rescued and the hydro towed shoreward.

On the rerun, *Miss Okeechobee*, a sweet running craft, won handily at the rate of 46.5 miles an hour. *Miss Tampa*, after a very late start, worked through the field into second place in impressive fashion, being followed by *Miss Clearwater*, *Miss Lake Jem*, and *Baby Hawkeye*.

The Ladies' Race in the Tampa Bay-Bies closed the regatta, and was run amid the cheers of the crowd. Inexperienced in driving 40-mile craft, the ladies showed some zig-zag wakes and made some weird evolutions at the turns. Mrs. Milam, in *T-J 1*, crossed the finish line first, but was protested for cutting a turning buoy. Mrs. Davis, in *T-J 9*, came in second, followed by Miss Ferris, Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Dew and Miss Cheney.

Handsome prizes were awarded to all the winners on Saturday evening at the Coliseum, the presentation being followed by a ball attended by all the yachtsmen and many society folk from Tampa. The yachtsmen were royally entertained by Mr. D. P. Davis during their stay, all hands making a mental note not to miss the Tampa Regatta in 1927.

Annin & Co. Enlarge Plant

Annin & Co., the well known flag makers, of 99 Fulton St., New York City, report that the growth of their business makes it necessary to enlarge their manufacturing plant at Verona, N. J., by the erection of a five-story addition which will give them 60,000 sq. ft. of space.

Take Fresh Creamery Butter on your next cruise -- no ice required

Gold Seal Butter
IN TINS

Choicest Quality — Guarantee Pure — Convenient Attractive

Used with great satisfaction in the Bermuda races and on vessels without refrigeration going to all parts of the world. *Order direct from*

JAMES ROWLAND & CO., 84 Hudson St., New York

New Super Power HAWKSIGHT

Remarkable Light Weight Binocular Opens New Realms of Enjoyment

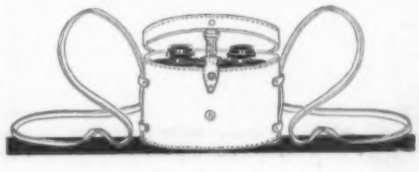
At Last! A super-power binocular with perfect, clearcut, unblurred vision. After 55 years in the optical business, we offer the new Hawksight, a full 8-power, prism binocular so light in weight a child can hold it steady.

In obtaining super-vision and lightest weight, the rugged strength of the Hawksight has not been sacrificed. We give absolute guarantee, backed by over a half century's reputation for honorable dealing, to replace at *any time* any Super-Power Hawksight which does not give satisfactory service. This guarantee applies except against accident or abuse.

Throughout, you will find the Hawksight a remarkable glass. The extra fine achromatic prisms are made for us in France. The image is shown clearly in its exact colors without any aberration or rainbow-like effect. Illumination is so superior, exceptional definition is obtained even in poor light. You will be astonished with the Hawksight at night! The field is a full 119 yards, at 1000 yards distance. Accurately adjustable to vision of each eye by means of the central focusing device and also adjustable to pupillary distance between eyes. Entirely dust proof. Beautifully finished. Every glass stamped with our name and its serial number. Case is sole leather, plush lined, to fully protect glass. *Entire* weight of Hawksight (8-power, 27 mm.) and leather shoulder straps, only 25 ounces.

Try it in rough weather on deck, use it while in motion in a motor car; look through it during an entire afternoon of racing; give it the most severe tests. It easily keeps steady aim at the object. The glass becomes a part of your own vision, as objects are quickly brought within easy range.

It is a wonderful chum for a quiet day in the woods or for an exciting day at the races. For hunters, campers, travelers, nature lovers and outdoor devotees, it is the ideal glass, — a superb binocular for land or sea; for discovering new vistas in foreign lands or revealing new beauties, new sights, new worlds, right from your own window or veranda.

The new Super-Power Hawksight is specially priced at $24.85, all carrying charges paid, with privilege of two weeks' *free examination*. If not completely satisfied at the end of trial period, that Hawksight is without exception the finest binocular you have ever seen at anywhere near its price, return at our expense and your money will be refunded. Send check or money order without any obligation to keep glass after trial, and the Super-Power Hawksight will be shipped by return mail.

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